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IT DOESN'T COST.

It doesn't cost money, as many suppose,
To have a good time on the earth;
The best of its pleasures are free unto those
Who know how to value their worth.

The sweetest of music the birds to us sing,
The loveliest flowers grow wild;
The finest of drinks gushes out of the spring,
All free to man, woman and child.

No money can purchase, no artist can paint
Such pictures as nature supplies
Forever, all over, to sinner and saint,
Who use to advantage their eyes.

Lady Anne's Double.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A STRANGE DISAPPEARANCE," "PEGGY'S ADVENTURE," "THE SHADOW ON A GIRL'S LIFE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VI.—(CONTINUED).

SO NEAR were the Doctor and his companion that their cloaks nearly brushed the armor beneath which Mary stood concealed; and it was with a sense of overpowering relief that she saw them at last unlock the ponderous door and pass into the darkness beyond.

The girl resolved that, in less than four-and-twenty hours, Colonel Markham and Lady Anne must know all she knew, and be prepared to act. She would wait until those dreadful men returned, and then she would walk to Mulchester. Was there not the door by which Arthur and she went out for their daily walks, a door used by nobody else.

If by any chance Sims had taken away the key she would force her way through the casement of her own room and climb down by the ivy as best she might. Anyhow, she must get out that night and be back again before any one was stirring at the Court. She knew the road well; but would she be able to traverse it in the dark?

"It must be done," she muttered—"Heaven helping me!"

And with that she dismissed all doubt and fear from her mind, and set herself to the accomplishment of her purpose. Her limbs were stiff and cramped, and she was chilled and weary; but the steps of Sir Andrew and his companion were stealthily creeping down the turret stairs, and her voluntary imprisonment was drawing to an end.

Mary took a furtive glance at them as they paused to lock the heavy door, for she was afraid they might see her eyes gleam through the chinks of the armor and drag her forth. The faces of both men looked ghastly, and the Doctor said to his companion, with grim emphasis—

"We're only just in time, my very good friend. Another week of that cold and damp would have settled the matter in quite another way."

"Well, it's settled right enough, so there's nothing more to be said," growled the Baronet. "At midnight to-morrow you be here, and I'll undertake the rest. I'm going to get some brandy now and be off to bed. I should advise you to do the same."

The Doctor's reply was inaudible, for they had passed out of Mary's sight and hearing.

She waited many long and dreary moments before she attempted to leave her hiding-place. She crossed the hall and found her way past the old schoolroom to the door in the turret, from which she hoped to make her escape.

To her great joy she found the key had been left, overlooked by Sims; and she blessed her own negligence in having left a garden-hat and shawl hanging in the cold dark passage. Putting them on with a feeling of indescribable thankfulness the girl let herself softly out of the narrow door and darted away.

* * * * * *

Lady Anne was erratic in her habits, and was wont, if she could not sleep, to get up in the middle of the night, light her lamps, and sit down to read or write until she had thoroughly tired herself out. To make things safe and pleasant for such occasions a big nursery fender was placed before her dressing-room fire, which was regularly made up the last thing every night by faithful Mrs. Benson.

On the night when Mary held her dismal watch at Sandford Court, Lady Anne woke up about one o'clock, restless, worried, and very wide awake indeed. She had been dreaming, strange to say, of David Carnwath. She fancied that he was back again, but that of all his labors for herself and Dick he retained no memory whatever, and of the cipher he declared he knew nothing.

This dream so irritated Lady Anne that out of bed she slipped, donned her dressing gown. Stirring the smouldering fire in her dressing-room into a blaze, she sat down, full of troubled thoughts and wild fancies. By her side was a little table, piled with favorite books, and a cut-glass dish with fruit stood temptingly near; but Lady Anne was in no mood for neither.

She took Mary's last letter from the desk where she kept her most important papers, and read it with her delicate brows knitted and her bright eyes troubled and sad.

"Poor child!" she murmured softly. "The task is an odious one, but she holds fast to it with the fidelity of a dog—or a woman! There is something she strives to keep from me and thinks I do not suspect."

The big clock in the high old-fashioned case outside Lady Anne's door had struck two some little time, when there came the sound of a faint ringing at the front-door bell. Scarcely had the fluttering appeal ceased ere Lady Anne had opened a window which looked down upon the High Street, and softly called out—

"Who is there?"

Mary's white weary face looked up in agonized entreaty and answered for itself.

"I'm coming, child," Lady Anne whispered and then down the thickly-carpeted stairs she sped, unlocking and unbolting the doors with her frail hands, and she took Mary in her arms as if she had been an infant. There was wine in the dining-room, some of which she forced the exhausted girl to swallow, although Mary's terrible anxiety to speak was pitiful to behold.

"Not here, and not yet," commanded Lady Anne, coaxing Mary up-stairs as she spoke.

Taking off the girl's hat and cloak and placing her in her own chair, her ladyship caught sight of Mary's bleeding feet, from which the tattered slippers had fallen away in shreds, cut to pieces by the hard and flinty road. Down went Lady Anne upon her knees and bathed and bound up the pitiful wounds, no longer forbidding Mary to speak, but listening keenly to her fearful tale.

"I must get back before five!" the girl said in terror, rising from her seat. But Lady Anne gently put her back.

"You shall be there before five, child," she remarked, with a quiet authority that stilled Mary's fears. "Only wait here, and all shall be done safely and for the best."

Lady Anne, going straight to Benson's room, bade her awake the old coachman and bid him saddle two horses at once, one with a lady's saddle, and lead them down the street for some little distance, where he was to wait.

"Now, my brave and faithful child," she observed to Mary, "you must ride with Benson as far as you possibly can do so with safety. Get down when and where you please. At midnight Colonel Markham shall bring such help to save that prisoner from Sir Andrew's clutches as shall make him rue the day he ever meddled in our affairs. At the cow-shed in the home meadows, or in hiding near the turret stair, that help shall wait. Be out of the Court and in readiness yourself, for not another night shall you sleep beneath that wicked man's roof."

CHAPTER VII.

So well and rapidly did Benson and his companion ride that, owing to the darkness of the early winter morning, they were able to go nearer to the Court than at first they had deemed prudent; and even with her wounded feet the girl contrived to steal through the home meadows and reach the turret before any of the servants were awake. Uttering a fervent thanksgiving for her safe deliverance from the deadly peril of detection thus far, Mary gained her own chamber and carefully removed all traces of her midnight walk from her dress.

The hat and shawl she hung up as before in the passage whence she had taken them. Then and then only did the wearied girl lie down for an hour's rest before the unvarying routine of life began at the Court, not daring to remember it was her last day there, and the last day with the child to whom she had grown so strongly attached.

Pale always, the increased pallor of Mary's face did not attract any notice at the breakfast-table; and Arthur's innocent plans for a future that would never come and his childish caresses were all the girl had to endure in addition to her own overmastering anxiety as to the coming night. For the pain caused by her cut and bruised feet she cared nothing. Mere bodily suffering seemed light indeed beside the unspeakable agony of her mind.

So the weary day passed. Fortunately for Mary it began to rain heavily when the time for her usual walk with Arthur arrived, and the rain continued until long after their early dinner was over and the lesson books were put away for the day. Then in the quiet gloaming, when the firelight played upon the walls of the old schoolroom, Mary took the little fellow on her lap and built him card houses, and told him wonderful fairy tales, where might was not always right.

The child, clasping his little arms round her neck, whispered fondly in her ear—

"I'll always be good, and then the bogie papa keeps locked up in the old tower won't come out and frighten me—will he, Molly dear?"

Between Mary and her little pupil formalities had long been discarded, and Miss Cunningham was generally addressed by Arthur as "Molly."

"I've been ever so happy!" were Arthur's last words as the nurse took him; then, escaping from her arms and running back to Mary, he whispered—"I love you better than nurse, ever so much—better than anybody else in the whole world!"

The girl returned his caresses tenderly; but she was glad when the little clinging arms were no longer round her neck and she was free. She however schooled herself to show no sign of the tempest that was raging within, and took her simple supper and went quietly to her room.

But once shut in there the tide of emotion almost overpowered her. Whom and what would she be brought face to face with when that turret gave up its dread secret? Would the help come too late?

Counting the moments until eleven, when she guessed Sir Andrew would be in Lady Anne's rooms preparing to remove his victim, Mary hurriedly dressed for walking, and took out a pair of thick shoes. These she carried in her hand as she silently locked her door once more behind her and stole down to the basement of the turret, whence she was to make her escape for the second time.

A sickening fear that Sir Andrew's plans would be changed made her heart sink; but there was no time now for hesitation or delay. To lock the turret door outside was the work of a moment; and then Mary, casting a terrified glance around her, went forth into the darkness and silence of the night.

* * * * * *

Having seen her visitor safely off, Lady Anne dressed with her usual care, and then went and awoke Dick.

"I want you to send off a man on horseback from the 'Star and Garter' with this note for Colonel Markham," she remarked, laying her hand upon his shoulder as the young officer sat up amazed. "Benson has gone out for me and has not returned, and it is a matter of life and death. Don't look surprised, my dear boy," she went on hurriedly—"it is this affair at the Court. Mary Carnwath has been with me in the night, and you must telegraph for Mr. Redfern to be here by the first available train. Come to my room when you return, and I will tell you everything. Hasten now, for every moment is precious!"

There was no need to hurry Dick or to bid him to lose no time. In twenty minutes he was back again, listening eagerly to Lady Anne's narrative of her night's adventure, in the midst of which the coachman returned to report having seen Mary safely back within easy reach of the Court, and to await his mistress's further orders.

"I shall not want the horses back again to-day," Lady Anne said; "and I wish both you and them to rest after your unreasonable journey. Let no one know anything of what has happened in the night. You have been out by my orders—that is quite enough to satisfy any of my household." The man retired with the pride and satisfaction of an old servant who knows he is trusted above his fellows; and, shortly afterwards, breakfast would be laid in Lady Anne's own room for herself and Dick.

Colonel Markham rode up between eight and nine o'clock, walking in as coolly as if his visit had been one of the most casual and unimportant kind. But, when he heard what Lady Anne had to say, and knew the final coup was to be made that very night, he looked very grave indeed.

"I have telegraphed for Mr. Redfern," Lady Anne explained, her own face anxious and troubled, "and Dick volunteers to go with you. Of course my coachman and your groom will see to the carriage, for"—her voice faltered—"I fear you will find a sick and perhaps dying person to bring away with you to-night."

"Lady Anne," replied Colonel Markham gravely, "if you would say all that is in your mind, I might bring a warrant with me to demand the person who is feloniously kept at Sandford Court and made to personate yourself. Tell me, for Heaven's sake, who do you think is shut up in those closed rooms of your old home?"

A pause ensued, and then Lady Anne, her voice scarcely above a whisper, said—

"I believe it is David Carnwath who is incarcerated there, and Mary believes it too, though she has never breathed a syllable of her belief to me. I am convinced that we shall see David Carnwath, dead or alive, brought to this house to-night!"

Colonel Markham looked up quickly a flash of intelligence lighting up his face.

"You have hit upon the secret!" he exclaimed, bringing down his hand heavily upon the table. "How stupid of me never to have thought of it before!"

Lady Anne's eyes brightened at his resolute eager face.

"Women's wits are always first in the field, Colonel Markham," she remarked, with a slight return of her old imperious manner. "But let us wait for Mr. Redfern, and hear what he will have to say. Remember that is only an idea of mine, and I am not infallible."

"No, by Jove," cried the Colonel—"I will not wait! Did you not tell me they called the person they detain as Lady Anne 'he'? Whom could Sir Andrew have any interest in detaining but the man who was working to prove his claims invalid? I'll draw up the warrant myself and on my own responsibility. Let the rogues take care of themselves!"

Lady Anne felt as people do who have touched a noble steed with the spur and are frightened at the mettle thus provoked. Her steed was beyond her control now, and so, woman-like, she gave in gracefully to the authority of man, urging only one thing.

"Take Doctor Ellison with you, and, better still, bring him back with you to meet Mr. Redfern. Ah, here is Benson with a telegram! Now, Colonel Markham, you must wait!"—for the old officer was leaving the room in hot haste. Hurriedly opening the envelope, Lady Anne read the welcome words—"'Leave town at 11.30; arrive at Mulchester 3.30 P. M.' Now you can go!" cried her ladyship triumphantly. "With a lawyer at our council-table we cannot very well do wrong."

In all her trouble and perplexity Lady Anne did not for one moment forget the claims of hospitality. Dinner was as carefully ordered and as scrupulously served as if no matters of life and death were weighing on her mind.

After the momentous work of the coming night was accomplished, not only the servants, but all England would ring with the secret of Sandford Court; but; until that night was past, not by word or sign must their plans be suspected. The coachman alone knew that the carriage would be required two hours before midnight; but Jack Redfern saw a better way out of the difficulty.

"Let the carriage be ordered openly for Colonel Markham and myself," he remarked. "The servants will naturally think we are going to Highbridge, and this will prevent any comments on our getting out of the house. As to our return," he added grimly, "it matters little, for, please goodness, all need for secrecy will by then be done away with."

As Jack, in common with Lady Anne and Mary, had arrived at the conviction that David Carnwath and no other was the "double" of Lady Anne seen by Bill Sparkes at the Court, he responded willingly to the summons to join Colonel Markham's party, and their plan of action was carefully and strictly laid down.

Lady Anne's coachman and Colonel Markham's groom were to wait with the carriage outside the outside the home meadows, and by no means too near the cow-shed, where Doctor Goschen's trap was to be concealed. The rest of the party, consisting of the Colonel, Dick Sandford, Mr. Redfern, and Doctor Ellison, with an officer, all fully armed, were to proceed to the Dutch garden, which commanded a view of the turret door.

There, if the moon happened to shine, they might, unseen themselves, get a good view of Sir Andrew's victim and capture the two conspirators easily. If however through any alternation of hours Doctor Goschen and the Baronet got in advance of them and were at the shed, they were to be captured all the same, Colonel Markham taking the sole responsibility on his own shoulders.

Mary had been told of the two places appointed for the rendezvous, and a low whistle was to warn her of their presence. Without the brave girl they could not leave Sandford Court.

"Trust Miss Carnwath to me," said Jack Redfern. "She is the sister of the best friend I ever had, and I'm the proper person to take care of her. We are five now, without counting the coachman or your groom, Colonel. How are two other persons to be packed into Lady Anne's carriage?"

This question was more easily put than answered, and at last Colonel Markham acknowledged that it was impossible.

"I left my dog-cart and groom at the 'Star and Garter,' saying I should sleep here to-night. I meant to pick my groom up as we go to Sandford to-night; but I now think it would be better for me to drive over with him in the dog-cart, and let him wait out of the Court, for he's mortally afraid of my Lady Anne's rooms, and," he added, lowering his voice—"and of my Lady Anne's double!"

Accordingly the carriage came round at ten o'clock, Colonel Markham having walked on with Doctor Ellison to his surgery, where he desired that the coachman might pick them up. Instead of doing this the Colonel astonished the landlord of the "Star and Garter" by walking into the bar, where he knew he should find Joe Higgins, and ordered the latter to get the dog-cart ready at once.

Joe did not much relish this curtailing of his evening's enjoyment; but there was nothing for him to do but to obey, and in less than ten minutes the dog-cart, spick and span as usual, rattled up to the door, and the Doctor and Colonel Markham mounted at once.

"Home, sir?" inquired the groom, mechanically touching his hat. But the Colonel took the reins, and, touching up Black Bess, gave his bewildered servant barely time to climber up behind ere the spirited mare dashed eagerly forward.

Higgins saw much to exercise his wits as they sped on their way, for, instead of turning up the bye-road to Highbridge, the dog-cart dashed on to Sandford, in the wake of some other vehicle far ahead of theirs, the sound of whose wheels came ever and anon, borne on the night wind, distracting the groom's attention from the strangeness of the journey in which he was an unwilling partaker. Avoiding the high-road and proceeding by queer turns and twists, both carriges at length arrived within a short distance of the home meadows. Then Joe, to his utter astonishment, recognised Lady Anne's carriage.

At the same moment the Colonel drew up sharply and spoke, his voice low and stern.

"I know I can depend on you, Higgins," he said. "Are you afraid to remain here with the dog-cart until we return?"

This put Joe on his mettle, as Colonel Markham intended it should.

"I ain't afeerd o' nothing mortal, sir," he answered bluntly; "and, as for ghostesses, I've nivver heerd as they comed beyond the Court yonder!"

"Well, Joe," responded his master, "wait here for me till I return. Only, for your life, do not speak to man, woman, or child whilst I am gone!"

Joe touched his hat, muttered "No fear, sir!" and then gazed blankly after the Colonel as he and Doctor Ellison disappeared in the darkness.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE only signal that Lady Anne had been able to promise Mary from Colonel Markham's party was a low and cautious whistle, and the girl reflected with terror that the same signal might have been agreed upon between Sir Andrew and the Doctor.

She was afraid to go the shed, where Doctor Goschen's trap was to be waiting for the removal of the prisoner, and she could not remain on the terrace within sight of Lady Anne's rooms or the turret door out of which they must pass. In this dilemma Mary remembered the Dutch garden, which adjoined the terrace and was close to Lady Anne's turret door, now put to so terrible a use.

Hesitating but a moment, the girl hurried down the moss-grown steps leading to the lawn and park, keeping well within the shadow of the trees, and entered the Dutch garden by way of an arch cut in the quick-set hedge. Mary at length gained a spot where the turret door was visible, and where no one could pass without being seen in the faint light of the waning moon.

As she crouched there, a low whistle broke the intense silence. The sound was so near that she felt she could put out her hand and touch the person who made the signal; but she could see no one, and her heart began to beat wildly in the terror and anguish of the moment. But almost at the same instant a voice close beside her whispered her name, and Mary recognised it as Colonel Markham's.

Not a word was spoken; a silent pressure of the hand gave the girl hope and courage. But they had not to wait long.

Stealing through the long grass of the park a figure enveloped in a long black cloak came up the steps, pausing and looking round well-nigh every moment as it reached the broad terrace.

Then the turret door softly opened, and Doctor Goschen—for it was he—passed in, closing it as softly behind him.

Perhaps this was the most trying part of their anxious watch, for now it was absolutely certain that in a very few moments every doubt would be solved, and the secret of the Court—whatever it was—made clear as the noonday.

Mary had not seen Jack Redfern or Dick. She knew Colonel Markham was not alone, but she had not the least idea who were his companions. Her eyes were fixed upon the turret door, and her trembling limbs rested against the trunk of an ancient yew, gnarled and roughened by centuries of exposure to wind and weather.

The time seemed long and weary, but in reality a quarter of an hour had not elapsed before the postern opened and two cloaked figures came out, bearing between them a body. The limbs were covered, and over the face a cloth had been thrown, concealing the features entirely.

But the wind, faint puffs of which had been stirring the leafless trees and lifting the dark branches of the evergreens behind which the watchers crouched, now rose in a moaning blast, just as the bearers of that terrible burden turned to look the door behind them, and for an instant the cloth was displaced.

But that was sufficient, for the face of David Carnwath was revealed; and, with a great and bitter cry, Mary sprang forward and faced her brother's captors like a lioness at bay.

Neither Lady Anne nor any one else had ever counted upon anything like this. But a better thing could not have happened. The suddenness of the cry, the apparition of Mary, pale as death, and animated by an intensity of passion that for the time gave her almost superhuman strength, caused the conspirators to drop their burden in a paroxysm of guilty terror.

Before they had recovered from the shock, Colonel Markham's party was upon them, and they were disarmed and captured almost without a struggle, but not before a dastardly act had been attempted, which happily failed in its dire intent. Doctor Goschen, being the nearest, was seized first, and in that second of time between his capture and that of Sir Andrew drew a revolver from his breast and fired at Mary as she stood clearly defined in the moonlight. Even as he aimed, his arm was struck up, and he was seized by Dick Sandford; but so near had been the aim and so sudden the action that the girl's arm was ripped open by the bullet, whose course otherwise must have caused instant death.

"That's just the little exhibition I've been wishin' for but din't expect," remarked the warrant-officer, coolly slipping on the handcuffs with which he had come prepared. "It's only another count in the indictment, Sir Andrew; but you've been and done for yourself, and no mistake!"

"By what authority," Doctor Goschen was beginning to bluster; but the warrant-officer quickly stopped him.

"Your name's here too," he said roughly, holding out the warrant before the Doctor's face, "as an accessory in the unlawful detention of David Carnwath, barrister-at-law, with felonious intent. So you'd best shut up, and not criminate yourself no more than you've done already!"

"He is in a deep sleep," observed Doctor Ellison; "these wretches have drugged him heavily!"

"I call you to witness," said Doctor Goschen sullenly, "that if any fatal consequences result from your removal of the patient I shall hold you guilty of manslaughter!"

"As you were going to remove him yourself," replied Doctor Ellison, "that remark might easily apply to you. But I think the count against Sir Andrew and yourself will involve a far more serious charge."

"Handcuff both the rascals!" said Colonel Markham. "Two of us will be wanted to carry Mr. Carnwath to the carriage, and—— Good heavens," he added, catching sight of Mary's bleeding arm, which Jack Redfern was impatiently waiting to show the Doctor—"Miss Carnwath is wounded! See to her, Doctor Ellison, I entreat, and let us leave this place without delay!"

"Nay, nay," remarked the Doctor, "the place is well enough—it's the people who have done their best to spoil it. A nasty flesh wound," he reported in a moment—"nothing more; no thanks to yonder rascal. I'll have it bandaged directly, and the young lady must swallow a little brandy if she wants to be of any real use to her brother."

The hint thus conveyed caused Mary to take the spirit without remonstrance; and then, as Colonel Markham and Dick took up their helpless burden in a kind of hammock rudely improvised from Doctor Goschen's cloak, Doctor Ellison bade Jack Redfern bring the poor girl on as quickly as possible, hovering himself between the two prisoners, who, in charge of the officer, brought up the rear, and, being fully armed, his presence was in every way valuable.

Leaving Doctor Ellison and Dick to place the insensible form of David Carnwath in Lady Anne's carriage, with Mary to support the head of her hapless brother and Jack Redfern on the box with Benson, Colonel Markham hastened on with the prisoners and their escort to his dog-cart, where Joe, quaking inwardly, but outwardly rigid and bold of aspect, sat like a statue.

His amazement at the sight of his master in such unexpected company well-nigh overcame his discretion; but the Colonel's orders were sharp and stern.

"Get up behind with one of your prisoners, Peters," he said to the warrant-officer, "and leave the other one to me. I myself will drive, but I'll answer for it that he sha'n't escape. I've a revolver here," he added, turning to Sir Andrew and the Doctor, "and, if either of you attempt to stir, I'll shoot you as I would a dog!" Then to the groom, who was standing with eyes and mouth wide open at the horse's head—"You'll have to hang on behind somehow, Higgins, so get up at once. There goes the carriage; and we must follow as we can!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

An Old Man's Darling.

BY C. J. L.

I REALLY am the wrong side uppermost of middle age; but methinks I should feel surprised, and a sense of personal injury, if any one told me so. We are such creatures of contradiction even to ourselves. I had been in the thick of the battle of life, "stormed by shot and shell," and yet never felt the keen point of an arrow from Cupid's bow—at least, never seriously wounded; for there was that fair face, when I was still in my teens, of Mary G., those large lustrous eyes, like an Eastern dove, surrounded by an aureola of golden curls, so suddenly to become the saint she looked; for the face faded into cloudland, and was sent only to remind one of heaven.

Bonnie nephews and nieces—why will they grow so tall?—repeatedly declare—"Oh, Uncle Fred will never marry!" Probably the wish is father to the thought. Possibly they may have heard of contingent reversions.

"Nothing happens but the unforeseen." I am no longer billet-doux and bullet-proof. I haul down my colors. The citadel is taken without assault. I expect no mercy from my fifty particular friends; yet suffer me to plead extenuating circumstances.

I was deeply interested in the case of my young friend, Victor B. one of Nature's royal lineage, every inch a king. Above the ordinary height, and unusually handsome, his dark flashing eye and haughty demeanor struck fire from the heart of a young lady as unyielding as himself.

Alas, he was credited with the only crime which Mrs. Grundy never forgives—poverty! Her parents declared that she might have any one else, ample dowry, every comfort; but such an alliance was not to be thought of.

"The men you suggest to me," protested the indignant girl, "are mere puppets. Must I stoop to conquer them?"

"Dora, consider society," replied her mother.

"Would you sacrifice me to society! Never, if I can help it!"

"Well, then, your own set, your friends."

"I tell you, mother, Victor towers above all, and now that I know he loves me, I will never—never——"

"Hush! hush! Don't say another word just now."

I was appealed to as a friend of both families, as a senate old bachelor, not likely to be moved by sentiment, especially such a sentiment as love. I was entreated to call upon Miss L., and, as the confidential friend of her friend, she received me with charming docility.

Perhaps she divined, with a woman's shrewdness, where lay my sympathy. However, "England expects, etc.," and I

duly decanted the fine old crusted platitudes and arguments against love and cottage bread. "Had she really considered the severance of social ties, the sacrifice of ease, position——"

"Not position. Mine will be higher than ever with him."

"Besides," said I, quoting the words of an old song, "'Love not! The thing you love may change.'"

Her color heightened.

"A young man, singularly handsome, must have many admirers," I continued. "Among them you have heard, I believe, of Mrs. P., the rich widow, and the Hon. Miss C. Well, without adopting the conclusion that Victor is too much a lady's man ever to be the man of one lady, are you quite sure that his affection is strong enough to bear you up on the changeful tide of life?"

"If not, it will grow with our growth," answered Dora.

"Or," continued I, taking aim once more, "do you realize his vehemently impulsive temper, the fierce flash of that dark eye which demands implicit obedience. I must say that, knowing the disposition of each, I should tremble if there were even momentary collision. It would be like the meeting of two express engines with the steam full on—a catastrophe and wreckage. You must own that he is like a lion when crossed, and you have but one head."

"Ah, and but one heart; and that I have given wholly and unchangeably to him. I fear nothing—believe everything"—clasping her hands.

I could say no more, or it would have been "Bless you a thousand times!" so I had to leave Una and her lion alone. Not here did I capitulate. In the imposing presence of Victor, I hardly knew what to urge. I saw at once that I might as well attempt to turn the torrent of Niagara.

He who from childhood had brooked no opposition would brook none now. He stood silently twirling his heavy moustache, as I ventured candidly but cautiously to state what duty had prompted me to urge against the match. During my description of his character, fixed by the fascination of his glittering eye, I fairly trembled, as I saw him bite his lips in restraining anger, and knew the strength of his massive arm, until the old gentle feeling came like sunlight over his face as I concluded:

"Well, my dear Victor, since you are both so decided, what can an old friend do but help you?"

Seeing that poverty was the only obstacle, Victor made up his mind at once to overcome it. For energy and enterprise such as his, Great Britain alone could furnish scope. All was quickly arranged; a berth was secured in the splendid steamship Sapphire, and three days before she sailed for Australia, Dora and I waved our adieus at the Great Western Station. He was all animation and hope. He would breast the tide of adverse circumstance; he would come back in three years laden with the spoils of commercial conquest; and then—— Ah, well, how often have I seen a stately ship glide out of the harbor, buoyant with hope, laden with golden promises, and when the dark days came watched and waited for her return!

I must say that I should like to have seen a little emotion at parting. Never had Victor looked very handsome; Dora never more conscious of her power, or less inclined to "play the woman." Perhaps if I could have seen them an hour later, his face hidden behind the Standard, and she in the solitude of her room, I might have argued differently.

But there was one who felt the departure of Victor keenly. His only sister—the "princess," I always call her—was cast in the same imperious mould, and had the like commanding presence; and, need I say of a daughter of the proud Devonian family of B. she was exceeding fair. Delicate in health; threatened, indeed, at that time with a complaint which sometimes clothes its victims with ethereal beauty; there had always been close companionship between brother and sister.

I had to console her. Fancy a middle-aged bachelor, to whom a thing of beauty is still a joy for ever, whose sensitive nature renders him too susceptible of a fair girl just blooming into womanhood; a fair girl in tears, too, confiding in an artless way her sudden sorrow, her hopes and fears as to the absent one. I had no fear about him; he will be sure to roughhew his way to the front; but I began to fear about myself, lest strong sympathy, which they say is akin to love, might carry me over the border.

I came away; but "parting is such sweet sorrow," I dare not analyze my feelings. I only knew that the sky overhead had a brighter blue, and sunshine, all too transient, prevailed within. I thought my heart had been buried long ago, like Pompeii, under cold gray ashes, and behold it proved "a self-surviving thing of power." When reality is dull, how pleasant is dreamland.

"Come again soon," said she; "I do so like to talk to you about Victor."

Thrice happy Victor, thought I; would I were half as young and handsome as he!

You should have seen the care with which I chose the finest rose in the market, the anxiety about that lovely spray of maidenhair, and the eagerness with which I presented the buttonhole to my princess.

As she sat dallying with the flower, her cough bringing the color to her cheek, and her large eyes looking dreamily upon me, the fear stung me. Will she also pass to the land of shadows, and my life change to perpetual eclipse? I sought eagerly to divert her, a fund of anecdote and my keen sense of humor coming to the rescue, musing all the while whether she had any idea that "all the current of my being" set towards her.

Oh, no! Her very simplicity disconcerted me, her remarks, showed the half-paternal estimation in which I was held.

"You are so good and kind; my dear father could not have been kinder!"

Then again, when I urged her to give me her photo, as a companion picture to that of Victor, how naively she replied:

"I must have it taken, because I shall never be younger, or look better, shall I?"

I think the very coyness and indifference of my princess, combined with occasional hauteur, spurred me onwards, onwards, I scarcely knew or cared whither.

Not that checks were wanting. My frequent visits excited notice and remarks.

"Well, if Uncle Fred really means to marry, why does he not marry some one of his own age?"

That's just what middle-aged gentlemen, bless them, seldom do. Years ago I exclaimed that, if I married, it would certainly be some girl young enough to be my daughter. Suitable age! think what that might mean to some folks—false hair, false teeth, false everything. Fancy fervent protestations shouted through an ear trumpet! Oh, no! as I pathetically wrote to my princess in an acrostic:

"Ah, well for me that beauty grows not old,
Fair faces still with fuller years unfold,
Relume the past, and tinge the setting sun
with gold."

And as the wheels of life drag heavily, and I scornfully measure the friendship, fashion, and frivolity of the world, how solemnly sweet is the remembrance that there is still an Eden guarded by angels of purity and innocence, where true love alone can enter.

I watched the princess with increasing solicitude, my own health being most frail, and at times one almost wished that if no happier union were attainable, she and I might glide, hand in hand, down the dark valley together, and pass behind the veil. Happily, however, the doctor's predictions and our own fears were not realized, for a change to her native air wrought wonders. Health and strength partly returned, and, as I walked with her by the sounding sea, more than once the lines of Montrose crossed the mind:

"He either fears his fate too much,
Or his desert is small,
Who dares not put it to the touch,
And win or lose it all!"

Yet the dream was so delicious—the idea so enchanting. Why should I risk an awakening? But I ventured delicately to ascertain whether the heart beating so near mine were quite free, and trembled till I heard:

"I am not engaged, and never have been."

I remembered her cousin's proposal—and discomfiture.

"The latest opportunity, I thing, was Winstanley?"

"Yes; but I gave him no encouragement; in fact, I don't want to marry, unless any one will be my slave," said she laughing.

It was on my tongue to answer conclusively, but I thought it would be taking an unfair advantage.

Perhaps it was a little Quixotic on my part to call on Winstanley, and clearly to learn that I was not trespassing; a rival I could not be, with such a tall, fine-looking young fellow as he in the field.

Open as the day, he frankly confessed that he long looked upon his fair cousin "as his prize" in the matrimonial lottery, and was taken aback by the rejection; adding, "I can't make her out."

I was also puzzled. At times the princess was gracious, invited confidence; then suddenly distant and haughty. All around must have noticed my devotion; could the object of it fail to perceive?

Months passed, and remembering that Victor was her guardian, I ventured with considerable apprehension to submit the case to him, and be influenced by his opinion. My fears pictured the lion's tempestuous wrath, or at least, merciless prohibition, and when, in two months the answer came, my breath shortened when I opened it.

It certainly was different from what I expected. In his large, legible hand, he described, page after page, his exploits in Australia; his success with a ranch, his numerous plans. I began to think my last letter had miscarried, when I spied an obscure postscript: "By the way, you must exercise your own judgment, as doubtless my sister will, without any direction from me."

Fool that I was to imagine that the idea which thrilled my whole being could really move another, even her brother. However, I had done the right thing, and received a kind of negative approbation, and when next I called, and the princess seemed in one of her happiest moods, I presented this ballad which I had written, and asked her to set it to music.

During the reading I watched her narrowly, anxiously. It seemed as if I had staked all on this last throw. Her beautiful face flushed, and a strange light shone in the dreamy eyes; and then sadness came like moonlight, and the cheeks were white, and her lips moved without sound. Half kneeling I murmured plaintively:

"Can you—will you forgive me?"

She composed herself; the calm strong spirit of her family came to the front, as she replied, not unkindly:

"It is a pretty thing. I must practice an accompaniment. When will you call again?"

* * * * * *

Then I had not been spurned, repelled, rejected. I rushed along the streets with a kind of electric buoyancy, as if the days of my youth had run back to tell me that it is a happy world after all. I tried to leap over the great gulf fixed between me and my princess (that of disparity in age) by comparison.

There was Colonel F., nearly sixty—a long way ahead of me—married only last week to a lady of twenty. He settled £2,500 a year on her, and society immediately discovered it was an excellent match, for the orphan girl had not a penny. There was my neighbor S., a widower with three crawling children, and a stipend of £600, married the village belle thirty years his junior. Mrs. Grundy did not forbid the banns, only declared, "How could he throw himself away!" My venerable friend, Montagu Oxenden too, dipping into the lucky bag of matrimony within the shadow of seventy, and living happily ever afterwards.

He cut through the gossamer compliment of congratulation abruptly with:

"No doubt you think there's no fool like the old fool!"

"Far from it," I replied. "'It is never too late to mend.'" I thought also of Swift and Stella, of John Jarndyce and Dame Durden.

Yet why should I anticipate; the princess had said nothing; but ardent lovers, like certain other curious animals, can see in the dark. Yes, I was right. Like Cæsar, I came and overcame. Next day my princess received me with evident anxiety. She had learned my ballad, and

"The low, the deep, the pleading tone,
With which I sang another's love
Interpreted my own."

The finest images are wrought in marble, and I found the object of my own agitation, calm and statuesque as Hebe. Even when I intreated with passionate energy, the large eyes looked down half in pity, half in wonder, and no trembling chords vibrated in that gentle heart.

She owned this, and said simply:

"I cannot respond as you would wish: indeed I never was capable of strong emotion, or perhaps of deep feeling. If increasing regard is sufficient, then——"

* * * * * *

Then we were married. I wrote a long letter, oh, so full of the outpouring of one's heart, to the man most interested, Victor B., and received an immediate reply, containing particular directions as to the purchase of artificial bait for him in Regent Street, with three words of congratulation added in pencil. With trepidation I had previously announced that his lady love, believing perhaps that "death and distance differ but in name," wearied with hope deferred, and the persistent pleading of her mercenary parents, had married a parvenu. Victor's answer was like a bolt from the blue, scathing and blinding in its intensity of reproach and denunciation. The young gentleman need not have been so severe, for he had taken to himself a wife a fortnight before Miss L.'s bridal.

And now, after three years, we are at Plymouth—my darling princess in a wheel-chair, and I looking over the wide waters, waiting till our ship comes home, watching for the splendid sea-ploughing Sapphire and her eight hundred passengers, amongst whom none so tall, so handsome as he, the imperious Victor, who will lend fresh charm and brightness to our rooms to-night.

Bric-a-Brac.

LANGUAGE.—When an Irishman speaks of his "fader and moder" he is guilty of nothing more than talking older English than we are accustomed to hear. "Worschipe thi fader and thi moder," says Wycliffe's New Testament.

IN BORNEO.—Marriages are not easily arranged in Borneo. Parents require a number of different presents from each suitor; and, as there are usually two or three suitors for each girl, and the presents are not returned, it is obviously to the interests of the parents to delay the marriage as long as long as possible.

RING SIGNS.—A book, called "Love's Telegraph," gives the following as a modern amatorial custom:—If a gentleman wishes to make known his desire to be married, he wears a ring on the first finger of his left hand; if engaged, on the second; if married, on the third; and on the little finger if he is a determined old bachelor.

WITH A SINGLE BULLET.—Three rabbits were recently killed with one bullet. The first rabbit, fifty yards away, was shot with a 300-bore Martini rifle through the shoulder; the second, about two yards further, through the neck; and the third, about three yards from the second, through the head. Two were full-grown, and the third nearly so.

NAMES.—The Burgomaster of Solingen has refused to register a child in the name of Emma, on the ground that the Code Napoleon, which is still in force in that town, only allows names of saints or historical persons to be entered in the birth registers. The object of this law was to prevent children being called "Fraternite," "Egalite," etc., according to the prevalent fashion at the time of the French Revolution.

THE MONKEY.—The monkey's intelligence has never been able to arrive at a point which enables that animal to achieve the untying of a knot. One may tie a monkey with a cord fastened with the simplest form of knot, and, unless the animal can break the string or gnaw it in two, he will never get loose. Though a monkey may possess observation and reasoning power, he has not sufficient of either to enable him to overcome the difficulty.

WAIFS.—An instructive and pathetic custom still prevails in Munich. Every destitute child found begging in the streets is arrested and carried to a charitable institution. On his arrival he is photographed—dirt, rags, and all. After being maintained and educated, when he quits the institution to begin life, the before-mentioned photograph is given to him, and he is required to make a solemn declaration that he will keep it as a reminder of the wretched state from which he was saved and of the kindness shown. The charity has received many gifts from its reclaimed waifs.

FLIRTING.—One of the governors of a grammar-school complained to the head-master that on the previous evening he had seen one of the top-form boys flirting with a young lady. The head-master accordingly spoke in severe terms to the lads on the impropriety of such conduct, and wound up his harangue by saying that, out of consideration for the parents, he would not name the culprit, but invited him to come into his private room at the close of the lesson. That the governor's acuteness of observation was considerably below the mark was evident to the head-master when six crestfallen boys presented themselves at the private interview.

ALL SAINTS' DAY IN MUNICH.—For one day in the year, November 1st, the dead are of more importance in Munich than the living. Shops are closed, church bells ring, masses are recited from morning till night, and rich and poor, gentle and simple, flock to the cemeteries to decorate the graves of their dead. All Saints' Day owned its existence, at the first, to the necessity of providing a general day for the honoring of saints, who had become so numerous in the calendar that it was no longer possible to assign a special day for each of them. All Soul's Day, which is November 2nd, is the day set apart for prayers for the souls of all the dead. In certain countries the observance of the two days has become very much confused, and in Munich All Saints' Day, November 1st, is now a day for the honoring of one's own dead rather than for the purpose of honoring the noble army of saints.

IN the Shetland Isles there is a gull which defends the flock from eagles. It has therefore come to be regarded by the shepherds as a privileged bird.

WITH THE WAVES.

BY G. A. J.

Oh, what is your spirit language,
  Ye sad-voiced, moaning waves?
Say, what are your unknown whisperings,
  From your far-off ocean caves?
Do ye tell of priceless stores of wealth,
  The spoils of your stormy wrath;
And golden hoards that unheeded lie
  In waste on your reckless path?

And in moments of fear and peril,
  In the night hours drear and lone,
When ye tear your crests in anger wild,
  And the conquest's all your own,
What then is your mystic language,
  Ye storm-toss'd, surging waves?
Do ye come with your strange sad moaning
  From your lonely ocean graves?

IN PERIL'S MIDST.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PENKIVEL," "OLIVE VARCOE," "BY CROOKED PATHS," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXVII—(CONTINUED.)

SENLEY TYERS held him tightly.

"Come in here," he said, and drawing him into the room, shut the door, and stood with his back to it. "Wait, my dear fellow! Listen to me. You say she is gone——"

Vane made a movement as if to pass him.

"No, no; wait! You are sure she has gone?"

"I tell you!" responded Vane hoarsely. "Stand aside, Sen! Let me go. I must follow her and find her at once!"

Senley Tyers leant against the door.

"Why should you follow her?" he said slowly, calmly. "It would be of no use."

"No use!"

"No. She would not come back; not of her own free will. You—even you—could not drag her back!"

"Not come back! My God! what do you mean?" broke from Vane's white lips, and he glared fiercely at the sallow face.

"My poor Vane! Don't you see? Oh, blind, blind!" murmured Senley Tyers, pityingly.

Vane put his hand to his head and shuddered.

"Do you mean—— Sen, you cannot mean that—that she has—that anything has happened to her? Why should she—what could have happened to her? Why should she go?—leave me like this! She was happy—happy enough last night."

"Do you think so—are you sure?" said Senley Tyers in a low voice.

"Sure!" Vane echoed, aghast at the mere suggestion of a doubt. "Sure!"

"Yes! Listen to me. Keep cool, Vane! I am your friend. I must—I say I must—tell you the truth though you kill me for doing so!"

"The truth! What truth? What is it you have to tell me? Why can't you speak out?"

He swore at him with the ferocity of a man half-mad with anxiety and a nameless dread growing with each moment.

"I will!" said Senley Tyers, as if with an effort. "Here is the truth, Vane. I tried to tell you last night. I wish to heaven that I had plucked up courage to do so. She has gone to escape this marriage."

Vane stared at him as if he suspected that Senley Tyers had gone mad, raving mad.

"Escape—— It's a lie! You must be mad or drunk!" he said hoarsely.

"It's the truth," said Senley Tyers in an impressive voice. "My poor Vane, don't you see? Are you still blind? Can you remember what I said, what I hinted, last night?"

Vane put his hand to his head.

"You mean that—that she does not love me?" he said almost inaudibly.

Senley Tyers inclined his head.

"She does not," he said.

"It is a lie!" shouted Vane. "How dare you—— What right have you to say this?"

"Every right," came the reply. "She told me so herself."

Vane staggered and sank into a chair, and sat with bowed head, silent and motionless, for full a minute.

"She told you?" he said at last, and his voice was like that of an old man.

"Yes. You cannot doubt me—or her! Why should she go if she really loved you and wished to be your wife?"

Vane's head drooped lower.

"Vane," went on the quiet grave voice, "I honor her for her courage, her honesty, her high-mindedness. Some girls, most girls, would have been tempted, would have yielded to the temptation to retrive the false step, to secure a husband above them in rank and position. No doubt she was sorely tempted. How nobly she has acted! Yes, Vane, I honor her. Ignorant, untaught as she is, Nora Trevanion has behaved as few women you and I know could have done. Rather than marry a man she did not love she had fled from him. Brave, noble girl! It would be gross cruelty to pursue her and attempt to persuade her to do that from which her loftly soul recoiled—

Vane broke in upon these choice sentiments.

"Where has she gone?" he asked, more of himself than of Senley Tyers. "To Trelorne?"

"No, she has not gone to Trelorne," said Tyers.

Vane started to his feet.

"You know!" he exclaimed.

"Yes, I know. She has gone to London. No, it is of no use——"

Vane had sprung towards the door.

"——She caught the night mail. There is no train until midday."

Vane glared at him.

"And you—you kept this from me?" he said hoarsely.

"I did," assented Senley Tyers "For her sake and yours; but, I will admit, still more for hers than yours. Vane, be calm! Pursuit is useless. She will reach London—has almost reached it by this time—will find friends, forget this trouble, and be happy. Be comforted, my dear fellow!"

Vane turned his head away, and signed with his hand to Senley Tyers to leave him, and as Senley Tyers went out Vane sank into the chair and covered his eyes. That Nora—Nora! should fly from him—should go into the night alone, face the cold world friendless and helpless, rather than marry him! That day Vane Tempest drained the bitterest dregs in the cup of life which holds both the bitter and the sweet.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

NORA went out into the night with no plan or purpose excepting that of flying from the temptation of marrying Vane—and so ruining him.

Fortunately, the weather was fine. There was no moon, but the stars were shining brightly—seeming, to her, like so many cold, pitiless eyes staring down upon her and mocking her anguish.

For a time she walked on swiftly, sustained by the excitement of her flight; but very soon she began to feel tired. Her limbs trembled, and she was obliged to sink upon the bank by the roadside and rest.

She lay with her head resting on her arm, her eyes closed, for full an hour, too stunned to think. Then she was on the road to Killin, and walking swiftly, in a kind of dream, she came within sight of the station lights.

She went into the station, and asked a porter when the next train was due, and caused that individual to stare when, in answer to his question, "What train?' she faltered "Any."

He told her that a train to Oban would leave in rather more than an hour, and with surly kindliness lit the gas for her in the ladies' waiting room.

But she had not been sitting more than ten minutes when it occurred to her that Killin Station was one of the first places Vane would make for in his search for her, and, like some guilty thing flying from justice, she stole out into the night again, and walked on in a southerly direction.

The morning broke with a gray mist, which would have chilled her but for the fire that burnt in her veins, and the mental agony which set physical discomfort at defiance.

She felt now neither fatigue nor hunger; but at a little village some nine miles from Killin she bought a roll of bread and a cup of milk, and, as if safety were only to be found in constant motion, resumed her flight.

The mist rolled away and the sun came out; but she took no heed of the weather or the time. All the way Senley Tyers' words rang in her ears like a knell and goaded her on.

She knew now what love meant: she knew that she loved Vane Tempest better than life itself, and she knew that to save him from marrying her and "wrecking his life" she must, if need be, lay down her own.

Every now and then a red flame seemed to shoot up in her heart—it was when she remembered Senley Tyers' assertion that Vane's lady friends would regard her as a leper. Shame and love, and a true woman's resolve of self-sacrifice, supported her through the terrible day, and towards evening she found herself at Aberfeldy.

At another time, and under happier circumstances, she would have rejoiced in the beauty of sunset; but now she was weighed down by fatigue and the problem as to where she should find a resting place for the night.

She had not forgotten Senley Tyers' directions, but never for a moment had the thought of following them entered her head. She would as soon dream of following the advice of the Fiend himself.

Slowly, with pale face and eyes dim with weariness and misery, she neared a small place, half inn, half hotel.

Should she go in and ask them to give her a room? She had money; she could show it to them if they were suspicious. But she hesitated. Perhaps Tyers had completely torn away the veil from her innocent ignorance, and she thought, "Perhaps they, too, will think I am a leper and will not give me shelter!"

As she stood looking at the ivy-grown houses a gentleman came out, pushing before him a wicker chair on wheels. A young girl was seated in it—a girl with a thin wasted face, in which the dark eyes shone with pathetic vividness. The gentleman, a middle-aged man with iron-gray hair and an anxious, strained look in his face, wheeled the chair into the patch of sunlight in front of the inn, drew the fur wraps up the girl's neck, and said—

"You are sure you don't mind my leaving you, Milly? I shall not be long over my letters."

She put up her face for a kiss and smiled at him with that gentle smile of patient suffering which we most of us know too well, and with another loving touch or two to the furs he went inside.

The girl lay back and closed her eyes, all unconscious of Nora's proximity, and seemed to sleep; but presently, as Nora was trying to find courage to enter the inn, she opened her eyes and shivered slightly. The fur wrap had slipped down. She tried to draw it up again, but as she touched it, it slid over the edge of the chair. Nora went up to her, picked up the fur, and arranged it in its former position without a word.

The girl started slightly and fixed her eyes on the pale face, and either its pallor or it beauty startled her, for she did not speak for a moment or two, and Nora was passing on with the thought, "She, too, will think me a leper!" Then the girl said—

"Oh, thank you! You are very kind. I am sorry to trouble you."

Something in the tone seemed to invite a response, and Nora, with downcast eyes, said, with a faint smile, "It was not much trouble. You were not able to do it yourself."

A tinge of color rose to the girl's face. "I am a cripple," she said in a low voice, and with the cripple's pathetic appeal in her large eyes.

The girl smiled up at her, and as Nora made a movement as if to pass on, she said, "Are you staying here?"

Nora shook her head slightly and the girl covered her with one of those womanly glances which take in the whole figure in an instant.

"No?" she said. "I thought that perhaps you might be a visitor like ourselves."

Nora shook her head again and took another step, then a sudden faintness attacked her, and with a little sigh she sank down on a bench beside the chair.

The girl uttered a soft exclamation; her hand darted below the fur wrap and darted out again with a scent bottle. "You are faint," she said quickly. "Take some of this! Quick! There!" She poured some of the scent on her handkerchief and held it to Nora. Nora passed the handkerchief across her lips, and struggled against the weakness which threatened to overcome her.

"Thank you," she said, offering the handkerchief back. "I—I have walked a long way and am tired, I think."

"Keep it; but let me put some more on it," said the girl. There, and take the bottle and bathe your lips and forehead. Walked? How far have you walked?"

Nora forced a smile.

"I don't know," she said; "a great many miles." She was on the point of adding, "from Luib," but stopped herself. "Twenty or thirty—I don't know!"

"Twenty—thirty!" exclaimed the girl. "How I wish——Oh, how selfish of me! I was going to say, how I wished that I could walk even one. But thirty miles! Why, you must be half dead."

"I am very strong," said Nora with a sigh.

If she were only quite dead!

"But you are knocked up, and ill and faint!" said the girl with gentle eagerness. "And have you much farther to go? Oh, I hope not!"

"I don't know," replied Nora, looking straight before her with that look which the homeless, friendless fugitive so soon acquires.

The girl leant forward in her chair and scanned the pale face with pitying scrutiny.

"You don't know?" A long breath, then a soft, "Ah, you are in trouble!"

Nora's color flickered and went again.

"Yes," she said in a low voice.

"Will you—can you—tell me?" asked the girl gently, and she stretched out her hand and laid it tenderly on Nora's arm.

Nora touched it gratefully.

"No, I cannot tell you," she said. "I could not tell anyone. It is not a great trouble," she went on almost to herself "It only means that I am all alone in the world——" She stopped.

The sick girl's hand tightened on Nora's arm.

"All alone in the world? How dreadful! And you do not know where you are going?" Her eyes filled with tears. "Oh, you must let me help you. You must let papa——"

Nora shook her head.

"Oh, but you don't know how good he is and how clever! He will be sure to be able to help you, for he always knows what to do. You need not tell him anything more than you like—indeed you need not. He is so clever, and so quick at reading people and understanding them, that he will not need to be told anything."

Nora's face flushed and then went pale again.

"I must be going on," she said hurriedly, and she rose; but she did so with difficulty, and the girl could not but see how weak she was.

She held Nora's arm and tried to force her down on to the seat again.

"Not yet!" she said pleadingly. "Do not go yet. Wait just for five minutes." As she spoke she glanced impatiently towards the inn door. "Wait until you are a little stronger. Please do! And just to please me. No one refuses me anything because—well, because I am spoiled and a—cripple, you see."

Nora sat down again.

"I will wait a few minutes," she faltered.

As she spoke a servant came out of the inn with a tray.

The girl uttered a cry of thanksgiving and held out her hands impatiently.

"Thank you, thank you; go in, please; do not wait," she said to the servant, who examined Nora with surprise. "This is my tea. It isn't tea, really, but one of those new-fangled foods they give to invalids. And they always send me such a lot of it, as if I were a ploughboy; and if I don't finish it papa is heartbroken. Will you help me? You are so kind, I know! Help me to eat it!"

She poured half of the contents of the basin into the saucer and pushed it eagerly into Nora's hand.

Nora did not hesitate, but smiled faintly.

"Yes," she said quickly, "I am very hungry. I think that is why I nearly fainted."

"I knew it!" exclaimed the girl, almost tragically, "I knew it! Oh, take this! Do, do, do!" and she held out the bread and butter and a glass of wine which were on the tray. "To think that you should be wanting food! You so young—why, you can't be much older than I am!—and so beautiful! Oh, I have read of such dreadful things, and now I know that they can be true. You will eat it all, won't you?"

Nora smiled again.

"Every bit!" she said.

The girl watched her with the quiet joy which, thank God, is still left us—the joy of feeding the empty, clothing the naked, succoring the helpless.

"There!" she exclaimed, as Nora set the empty plate and saucer on the tray. "Do you feel better now—better and stronger?"

"Ever so much," said Nora. "So much better that I can go on my way now. Good-bye, and thank you," and she held out her hand with a kind of boyish frankness, which doubtless she had acquired during her masquerading period.

The girl caught her hand and clung to it.

"You must not go!" she said, her color coming and going. "I cannot let you go, not yet. Don't be angry, and—and don't laugh at me, please!"

"I am not likely to laugh," said Nora in her downright fashion, but with a quiver of her lips.

"No, I didn't mean that; you are too kind to laugh. But you must wonder why—why I press you to stay? You think that it is because I pity you? Yes, yes, I do pity you, of course, but it isn't only that—it's pure selfishness as well. I know I'm selfish—sick people always are—and I want you to stay for my own sake. You see, it is so lonely here. Papa and I have been here for weeks, and there is no one, absolutely no one, to speak to, and—and—" she hesitated, then went on shyly—"and I have taken a fancy to you. Oh, it is true, believe me it is true. Do you never take fancies? No? Ah, you see you are not a sick cripple tied to a chair! Wait and let us talk for a little while——"

She had half raised herself as she murmured this rapid appeal, and had displaced the cushions at her back, so that when Nora finally drew her hand away, the girl slipped in the chair into an uncomfortable attitude. Nora took her on her arm and raised her, setting the cushions in their place with her disengaged hand. The girl drew a breath of relief and gratitude.

"Thank you, thank you! How kind you are, and how strong! Oh, how strong! Why, only a minute or two ago you were fainting, and now you can lift me as if I were only a baby. I wish——" She stopped wistfully.

"What is it you wish? Is it anything I can get you before I go?" asked Nora gently.

The girl shook her hand, the color coming and going on her wasted face.

"I was going to say that I wish you could be always with me!"

Nora touched her hand and smiled a sad incredulity.

"You don't believe me? You mean that I don't know anything about you, that I have only seen you for a few minutes? Ah, you don't know what is it to be like I am, to feel lonely and to long for someone—some girl like myself, I mean of my own age—to talk to and—" she blushed shyly—"to love. Of course I have papa, and you must not think that he is not everything that is kind and good, and that I don't love him. I love him dearly, but—but he isn't a girl. And I've no mother nor sister," she went on—"only him. Tell me your name, will you? Mine is Milly—Milly Lester. My father is a lawyer, and we live in London, in Elm-square. Do you know it?"

Nora shook her hand. She had sat down again, and was holding the girl's thin hand, hot and restless now with an excitement which Nora felt was bad for her.

"It is a delightful old square, not fashionable, you know, but such a quiet and peaceful spot in the midst of the hubbub of the great city. Papa says it is an oasis. But it is dull—ah, yes, it is dull when he is away at the office all day, though he does not know that I feel it. But you haven't told me your name. I haven't given you time, have I? That's because I'm afraid you will run away if I stop talking!" and she laughed wistfully, the laugh suddenly broken by a cough that shook her from head to foot.

As if he had heard the cough, her father came quickly from the inn to her side and bent over her, scarcely seeming, in his loving absorption, to notice Nora.

Milly caught his hand and put her flushed face close to his.

"Papa," she said eagerly. "This young lady—you see her?"

He glanced at Nora with a kind of impatient attention, then with a faint surprise in his eyes. He had thought that it might be one of the servants of the inn. His manner changed to the reserve with which we Christians always regard the stranger with our gates, and he bowed.

"Who—who is it, Milly, dear?" he asked in a low voice. "Why are you so agitated and excited, my darling? What is the matter?"

Nora rose.

"It is my fault," she said. "Your daughter had been very kind to me, sir, and has talked too much. She is not strong. I will go now."

He watched her and listened with increased surprise. A man of the world is quick to discover the signs of good breeding; and they were evident enough in Nora's face and voice.

"Don't let her go, papa!" said Milly. "She is tired—she has walked twenty or thirty miles, and she does not know where she is going, and—bend down lower, papa—she was faint with hunger until I gave her my tea."

Very naturally Mr. Lester grew suspicious, and his manner graver and colder. Nora had risen; she inclined her head slightly, and with a stifled sigh moved away.

Milly instantly brought the situation to a climax by falling back on her cushions and bursting into tears. The staid face of the lawyer broke up into anxious lines, and his lips trembled with a kind of terror.

"My dear child, my darling!" he remonstrated. "Milly, Milly! There, there! For heaven's sake, don't cry! You will make yourself ill. Hush, hush! She has not gone. I will ask her to stay."

He strode after Nora, and almost stood before her to bar her progress. "I—I beg your pardon!" he said agitatedly. "I really beg your pardon, most humbly; but—but would you mind coming back to my daughter for a few minutes; I only ask for a few minutes, until she has got over this paroxysm. As you see, my young lady, my poor child is an invalid. She is very weak, very weak and feeble; and—and excitement is perilous, perilous! If you will come back and talk to her——" He stopped, recalled by Nora's silence and hesitation to the grim fact that he was addressing a stranger, a female, a young girl quite alone, and of whom he knew nothing. His eyes grew keen again, and he fixed them on Nora's face. She met the glance steadily, unflinchingly, and something in the sad eyes must have reassured him. Nora waited, as if to see whether he was satisfied with his scrutiny, and she drew a breath of relief as he said in a tone that seemed to indicate that he trusted her—"Will you come back?"

Without a word she walked beside him to Milly, who literally received her with open arms and a smile that was like sunshine through rain.

"Am I not a wilful, obstinate girl?" she said, with a loving glance at her father, who stood beside the chair with a rather troubled, but resigned, expression on his face. "You see I always get my way. He has spoiled me, quite spoiled me! And now, papa dear, go back to your letters; I want to talk to her."

With a shake of the head and a smile he obeyed and drawing a sigh of satisfaction Milly looked up at Nora.

"Do you think me very silly and selfish? I suppose you couldn't help thinking so? I can't help it. And now let us talk. Tell me your name."

Nora was silent for a moment or two. She saw the danger of giving her own name, and yet could not on the spur of the moment invent a false one; besides, she shrank from deceiving this gentle-hearted girl, who seemed to have loved her at first sight.

Milly pressed her hand.

"Are you afraid?" she whispered. "You need not be. Whatever the trouble was it was through no fault of yours; you are good! I know that by your eyes, and papa saw it, too; I could tell that by the way he spoke to you. Whatever you were afraid of you need not be any longer now you are with us. You do not know how clever and how brave he is. He will take your part and protect you. Tell me, now."

"It is Nora Trevanion," said Nora in a low voice.

Milly repeated it softly.

"What a pretty name! Nora! I like that! It seems to match your face. And now you need not tell me any more."

Nora sighed.

"I cannot—only this—that I must leave here and go far away; somewhere where I can hide."

Milly nodded eagerly.

"You couldn't have a better place than Elm-square, where we don't even know the names of our next door neighbors," she said. "You might live with us there for fifty years, and no one could find you. And if they did, you would have nothing to fear. This is England, and you are not a slave, and papa would not give you up——" She paused a moment with a little cry of doubt and dismay. "Unless—unless you are married; then, I suppose—— But you are not, are you?"

"No," said Nora faintly.

Milly looked relieved.

"Oh, I knew, I felt you were not!" she exclaimed. "Then, if there isn't a husband, no one has the right to take you away; and," she clasped her thin hands delightedly, "we may keep you."

Nora started and stared.

"You mean——"

"Of course!" broke in Milly. "I mean that you must stay with us. You must be my companion, my sister. Now don't look so grave and frown, or—or—I shall have another fit of crying; you don't know how easily I get them."

Her mobile lips were beginning to quiver as she spoke, and Nora, who dreaded another paroxysm almost as much as the devoted father, made haste to falter out—

"Very well, I will stay. If—if your father——"

Milly called out, "papa," and Mrs. Lester came hurrying out as if he had been expecting the summons.

"Papa, Miss Trevanion—Miss Nora Trevanion—will stay with us. She is going to be my companion."

A curious expression of astonishment and doubt crossed the lawyer's grave face.

"Nora Trevanion, did you say?" he said.

"Yes," replied Nora, with downcast eyes.

He rubbed his chin, and regarded her in silence for a moment or two; then he said in a peculiarly quiet and deliberate tone—

"Miss Trevanion is extremely good-natured in consenting to gratify your whims and fancies, Milly."

"It isn't a whim, and it isn't a fancy," retorted that young lady placidly. "But we won't argue, papa dear."

Mr. Lester smiled.

"No; there is not much use in arguing when you have got your own way. You are wise for your years, my dear. But I was going to say that I am very grateful to Miss Trevanion, and if she will give me the address of her friends, I will write and ask them to permit her to pay us a visit."

He looked with veiled keenness at Nora as he spoke.

She winced, but lifted her eyes to his.

"I have no friends," she said in a low voice. "It is better that I should go."

"There, papa," began Milly tremulously.

"Hush, my dear," he said. "You mean, Miss Trevanion, that you do not wish the friends you have to know your whereabouts?"

Nora bent her head in assent.

He seemed to consider for a moment or two, then he said, as slowly and deliberately as before—

"Very well. And now, Milly, I daresay your new friend would like to go inside and rest before dinner. To-morrow we can make our plans."

"They are made," she said, with a smile that robbed the words of their wilfulness. "We must go back to London at once, papa."

"Indeed," he said with a faint smile.

"Yes," she went on in a whisper, "she does not want to stop here; she is afraid of their following and finding her, whoever they are. Do you understand, papa?"

"Quite," was his calm reply. "I have no objection to going back at once; but Miss Trevanion need not fear being kidnapped. This is a free country, and she is her own mistress, I presume."

"Yes, yes!" exclaimed Milly eagerly, "she is not married."

"And is an orphan?" he put in.

Nora bent her head.

"Very good," he said. "Now I will wheel you in, Milly, and you and Miss Trevanion can hold a committee meeting in your own room." He turned to Nora as he took hold of the chair. "You may confide in us or not, as you choose, Miss Trevanion. But if you should wish to tell us anything, do not hesitate; your confidence will be held sacred."

Almost persuaded that she was dreaming, Nora walked beside the chair into the inn, Milly holding her hand tightly as if she half feared that Nora might suddenly change her mind and take to flight.

CHAPTER XXIX.

SIX weeks later Vane was walking down Mount-street in the direction of Senley Tyers' studio. It was an awful night; snow had fallen and been trodden into slush; one of London's most charming fogs made the atmosphere as damp and uncomfortable as the pavements, and most men who were obliged to be out were hurrying along towards shelter. But Vane was walking slowly, with his hands thrust in his pockets, his head bent, his whole attitude eloquent of the frame of mind in which a man is utterly indifferent to the weather; as a matter of fact, he scarcely knew whether it was wet or dry, snowing or raining, for Vane Tempest was an extremely unhappy man.

He made his way up to the studio, and presented, in his wet and wo-begone appearance, a striking contrast to the tasteful luxury of that apartment and the elegantly clad artist, who, in a purple velvet dressing-gown, was lying back in an easy chair before the fire with a cigarette in his lips, a flask of Italian wine on the table at his elbow, and Tiger, the cat, curled up on his knee.

He looked up as the door opened, and rose with a slight shiver; for the mere sight of the tall, lithe figure, with the haggard face showing above the upturned collar of the wet and mud-stained coat, was enough to produce a chill, and make the spectator uncomfortable.

"My dear Vane!" he exclaimed, holding out his hand and drawing it away as quickly as he could from contact with the damp, icy one which Vane gave him. "What a deuce of a night to be out in! And why on earth didn't you take a cab?"

Vane dropped into a chair in front of the fire, still in his wet coat, and looked moodily at the flames.

"It isn't much of a night, I suppose," he said. "I didn't think of a cab; I like to walk. Cabs crawl and drive me mad."

His voice matched his face. It was the voice belonging to a man grown haggard with trouble, suspense, anxiety—a man absorbed by a desire that, as day succeeded day, appeared to grow more hopeless.

"I'm afraid I'm spoiling your rug."

"Never mind the rug," said Senley Tyers, who minded the rug very much. "Is there any news?"

He put the question gravely, sympathetically, but as one who foresees the answer.

Vane shook his head.

"None," he said in the dull voice of an accustomed despair. "I need not ask if you have heard anything?"

Senley Tyers shook his head.

"Nothing," he said. "You know my opinion—what I think."

"I ought to know it," said Vane, grimly, "you have told me often enough. I wish I could think with you; it would be a poor kind of comfort, but it would be something. But every time I try and persuade myself that she is safe and well I am tortured by doubts and fears that, if they do not end, will drive me into a mad-house. Yes, I would give half of the rest of my life to think as you do about it."

Senley Tyers glanced at him watchfully.

"There is no other conclusion I can arrive at," he said. "It is the conclusion which all the men we have employed in the search invariably draw. I know the kind of fate you picture for her."

Vane shuddered and set his lips tightly.

"You have a vision of her tramping about London in a half-starving condition——"

"Or lying murdered in some vile den," put in Vane hoarsely.

"And your vision is an altogether absurd one—the nightmare of your disappointment and suspense," said Senley Tyers. "My dear Vane, my poor old man, haven't I pointed out to you that if the girl had fallen on to hard times, if she had become the poverty-stricken helpless tramp you are always picturing her, we should have found her, we must have found her, long since."

"You think so?" asked Vane doubtfully, as he had asked a hundred times.

"I am certain of it. We know she came up by the night mail from Luib, the one we just lost. The stationmaster described her exactly."

He spoke the lie with fluent suavity, and Vane nodded.

"She came to London. Where else should she go? We searched every town and every village at which the train stopped. If she had got out at any of the stations we must have found her. She came to London and was swallowed up in the crowd at the terminus. Now you, of course, jump to the conclusion that she was either waylaid by some designing villains, or there and then commenced to wander about in a helpless condition. Forgive me, but you must see that your theory is absurd, and that mine is the only tenable one. See here——Here, drink this wine, or will you have some brandy?"

"Brandy."

He got it, and Vane drank off the wineglassful which seemed to have no effect whatever on his chilled frame.

"My theory is this. She had money in her pocket. She went to an hotel, or to some apartments. Perhaps she knew of some Cornish friends in London. You shake your head, but you can't tell. Remember how strong-willed, how self-reliant she was!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

IRON THINNER THAN TISSUE PAPER.—One thousand two hundred sheets of the thinnest tissue paper measure a slight fraction over an inch in thickness, while sheets of iron have been rolled to an average thickness, or thinness, of the eighteen-hundredth part of an inch; in other words, one thousand eight hundred sheets of this iron, piled one upon another, would measure only an inch in thickness.

These wonderful iron sheets are perfectly smooth, and easy to write on, notwithstanding the fact of their being porous when held up to a strong light.

This is a result of the competition which has long been carried on amongst iron-masters, as to the degree of thinness to which iron can be rolled.

THE CROWN OF FAILURE.

When you have lived your life,
When you have fought your last good fight and won,
And the day's work is finished and the sun
Sets on the darkening world and all its strife—
Ere the worn hands are tired with all they've done,
Ere the mind's strength begins to droop and wane,
Ere the first touch of sleep has dulled the brain,
Ere the heart's springs are slow and running dry—
When you have lived your life,
'Twere good to die.

If it may not be so,
If you but fight a fight you may not win—
See the fair goal but may not enter in—
'Twere far better then to die and not to know
Defeat—to die amidst the rush and din,
Still striving, while the heart beats high and fast
With glorious life, if you must fail, at last,
Such end were best, with all your hope and all
Your spirit in its youth,
Then when you fall.

Far better so to die,
Still toiling upward through the mists obscure,
With all things possible and nothing sure,
Than to be touched by glory and passed by,
To win, by chance, fame that may not endure,
That dies and leaves you living, while you strive
With wasted breath to keep its flame alive,
And fan, with empty boast and proud regrets,
Remembrance of a past
The world forgets.

Of One Summer.

BY L. M. W.

CHAPTER I.

THE London season was over: the last At Homes and dances were quickly becoming things of the past; and the fashionable world was preparing for its usual flight to "fresh fields and pastures new."

Already the ranks of youth, wealth, and beauty, which had thronged the Park during the hot June days, had thinned considerably; blinds were drawn down in a good many mansions; and a general air of deserted loneliness prevaded the streets as you turned west.

In short, Town—that paradise of the wealthy and high-born—was getting positively unbearable. So at least it appeared to Humphrey Standish, as he gazed idly out of the window of his mother's drawing-room in Wilton street, looking and feeling decidedly bored by the general uninterestingness of everything.

He was a tall handsome fellow, of about seven or eight and twenty, possessed of an ordinary supply of brains, and enough money to enable him to live very comfortably without the least exertion on his part—a fact which his relations were wont to deplore, being old-fashioned enough to prefer a young man with some object in life.

Object, so far, he had none, except to make himself generally agreeable, and occasionally "dabbling" in a dilettante fashion in Art.

On these occasions he invariably assumed a velveteen coat of extraordinary cut, and ruffled his hair till it stood on end like a furze-brush, as is the wont of amateurs of a certain class.

To-day, however, the garb of Art had been laid aside, probably on account of the heat; and he looked a very modern young man indeed, as he stood there in the bright sunshine, his brow somewhat puckered up, as if he were endeavoring to solve some hard problem. And so he was—the problem of where to go for the month of August.

His mother, a gentle sweet-faced woman, who loved and trusted her tall son entirely, knowing more than others did of the sterling qualities which underlay his apparent indolent good nature, had left it to him to decide their destination; and the decision was a difficult one.

Of course there was always the shooting to fall back on; but he did not particularly care for that just then; besides, he preferred going by himself in September. His mother had suggested a trip abroad; but that was slow. They had been so often; and it required such a fearful amount of exertion to speak those abominable jargons. No, no; France for the French, and England for the English, was his motto.

Suddenly a light broke across his face, and turning to his mother, who was reading on the sofa, he cried joyously:

"I know what we will do, mother! I've just thought of it."

Mrs. Standish laid down her book and looked up inquiringly. "Have you, dear?" she said. "What is it, then?"

"Why, you remember that little village Sanfield was talking about the other day, on the north coast somewhere, you know—well, it's just struck me that that would be the very place for us—nice and quiet, and lots of fishing and boating, to say nothing of sketching. What do you think? Shall we go there?"

"It would be the very place, if you don't think you would find it dull without any companions but your stupid old mother. Nay"—laughingly, as Humphrey was about to speak—"I know what you would say; but all the same, I know that I, or indeed any elderly woman, would not be very lively company for a young man like you. However, of course, if you don't think you will find it stupid, I shall be only too glad to go there, instead of to Scarborough or Spa or any of those dreadfully crowded places. And perhaps, after all, we may meet some very nice people there; one can never tell."

And so the great problem was settled; and the next week saw the little house in Wilton street shrouded in a death-like stillness, like its neighbors; and the few people who still remained in town told each other, not without secret feelings of envy, that "the Standishes had gone off to bury themselves in some nameless out-of-the-way little fishing village," instead of following the tide of fashionable folks who were bent on repeating in a different way the various successes and struggles after pleasure which they had been sustaining during the past season.

But Mark's Cove—in appearance, at least—amply compensated for any longing they might privately have had after more civilized society.

Situated as it was on one of the wildest parts of the eastern coast of Scotland, surrounded on three sides by ranges of hills, backed by distant rims of purple mountains, and on the fourth lying exposed to the restless expanse of an open sea with its ever-varying features of storm and sun—the little town, with its quaint ruggedly-built houses and straggling by-streets, was indeed a gem from an artistic point of view, and both Humphrey and his mother were delighted.

"That fellow Stanfield knows what's what," the former would cry enthusiastically as he rowed his mother up and down the bay in the bright afternoon sun, "or he would never recommend this place. The only wonder is more people don't find out about it and come."

But no one seemed to know about it, or else considered it beneath their notice, for their landlady said that "gentlefoks wasna just very plentiful thereabouts, at least they hadna been in her time;" and it certainly seemed true, for they had been there over a fortnight without seeing any one of their own class, except an occasional tourist who passed through on his way farther north.

It was therefore with no small surprise and excitement that one evening, as they were sitting down to supper, they saw a cab laden with luggage draw up in front of a small house on the opposite side of the way.

Regardless of les convenances, Humphrey jumped up and went to the window just in time to see two figures—one an elderly lady, well muffled up, and the other a young girl, in a long gray cloak and close-fitting little cap—enter the house door. They were followed by a third, evidently a maid, who was superintending the disposal of the luggage.

"I declare I'm not sorry some one has come to share our solitude!" he cried as he returned to the tea-table. "I only hope they are nice. The girl looked rather jolly, as much of her as I could see in the uncertain light; but the old lady seemed rather forbidding."

"Well, we are sure to see them soon to speak to, and then you can judge more correctly;" and Mrs. Standish drew back the curtain as she spoke and looked in her turn across the dusky street.

But all was still again. The cab had turned away round the corner, the green door of the house opposite was closed as firmly as ever, and save for a fresh light in the front window, everything looked as before.

The next morning Humphrey was up betimes. He had arranged to go out fishing that morning with his landlord's son; and the two swallowed a hasty breakfast and were away on the calm sunlit water long before the blind in the opposite house was drawn up.

It was a splendid morning; and the little craft, rowed by the four stout arms, danced along as if she had been alive; and it was not long before they reached their accustomed fishing-ground, where, dropping their anchor, they let down their lines.

Fishing, as all who have tried it know, is terribly engrossing work, especially when you make anything like a good catch; and it was eleven o'clock before either of the young men thought of returning. Then Humphrey, looking at his watch, suddenly recollected that he had promised to take his mother out for a short row that morning; and hastily pulling in their tackle, he and his companion made swiftly for the shore.

There, on the narrow strip of shingly beach upon which the boats were moored, sat his mother, and by her side the elderly lady whose advent the previous evening had caused such excitement. The girl was standing some little way off with her back towards them.

As he leaped out of the boat, tossing the fish into a shining heap upon the beach out of reach of the waves, Mrs. Standish called to him.

"Humphrey, come here; I want to introduce you to a very old friend. This is Miss Marchmont, who used to be a schoolfellow of mine. Amelia, this is my son, Humphrey."

The young man bowed politely, apologizing as he did so for not shaking hands. "That fishing is such awfully dirty work, you know," he said, smiling.

He was just turning away, when Miss Marchmont said kindly:

"Allow me to introduce you to my niece. Avice, dear, this is another acquaintance for you."

The girl thus suddenly addressed turned sharply round, showing one of the most lovely faces Humphrey had ever seen, crowned by masses of wavy hair of the intensest black. Her complexion was perfectly dark, like that of a Spaniard, and the eyes which glanced up at him with a smile of greeting were half hidden by their thick veil of curly dark lashes. The eyes themselves, strange to say, were of a dark blue.

"I am very glad to make another acquaintance," she said, as she extended a dainty little hand, which Humphrey had much difficulty in refraining from accepting, "for I certainly thought we were the only people here, until we met your mother." Then catching sight of the silvery pile of fish at her feet, she cried joyously: "Oh, how delicious! You fish, do you? Oh auntie, do let me go too. I love fishing."

"Really, my dear," expostulated Miss Marchmont with a comical sigh, "you should not get so excited. Supposing Mr. Standish did not wish to take you, what a very awkward position you would place him in."

A slight flush tinged the pure olive cheek, and she was looking up with an expression of penitence, when something in the intense amusement depicted on Humphrey's face struck her, and instead she went off into peals of light girlish laughter.

The young man laughed too, and murmuring something about being "most happy," disappeared up the beach.

Thenceforward the days passed very quickly, and the new-comers had been at Mark's Cove a whole week before they had half realized that they had been there two days. It was now the second week in August, for the Standishes had left town the third week in July, and the weather was perfectly glorious.

"I never knew such weather before," said Humphrey one day as he and Avice sat sketching and chatting on the top of one of the braes. "You must have brought it with you; for I'm sure it was not half so fine before you came."

"It has certainly been splendid," she replied, throwing down her paint-brush in despair of ever catching the peculiar tints of the sea and sky—"too splendid to last, I'm afraid. And then we've been having such a delicious time of it, boating and fishing and all that, and do you know it makes me half uncomfortable."

"Uncomfortable!" echoed Humphrey, bending his head critically to one side, as if to scrutinize his own drawing, but in reality to catch a glimpse of his companion's—"uncomfortable! Why?"

"Well, I don't quite know," Avice returned, half shyly, "except that when one has been having an extra good time of it, it always seems as if some misfortune were sure to follow it—by way of balance, as it were. Don't you ever think that?"

"The only evil which I see imminently impending," said Humphrey, "is the danger of your rolling neatly over the top of the cliff into the water below; and to avoid that catastrophe I should advise you to come a little more inland. It will be safer at least, if less romantic."

But his warning came too late. Turning round sharply at his words, Avice insensibly advanced nearer the edge, and the next instant she was over.

"My gracious!" burst involuntarily from Humphrey's white lips as he rushed forward to the spot where she had disappeared—"How shall I save her?" As he uttered these words, he looked down the dizzy height and saw the girl's slight form hanging as it were betwixt sea and sky, her progress arrested, for the time at least, by a bush of yellow furze.

"Avice!" he cried, steadying his voice with difficulty for fear of alarming her, "do you think you can hold on till I come?" But there was no reply, only a murmuring splash of the cruel waves below as they lashed themselves angrily upon the rocks and beat high against the foot of the cliff, as if hungry for their prey.

Humphrey set his teeth firmly together and prepared to descend the steep side of the cliff. A sickening dread seized his heart as he did so. Suppose he was too late—suppose she were dead?

He dared not stop to think; but began slowly, carefully descending, catching for support at anything which came in his way, and knowing well that one false step would hurl him down, too, on to that terrible mass of wave-worn rocks below. At last, after minutes of wary clambering, which in point of extent seemed to him like years, he reached the bush with its precious burden.

Steadying himself carefully with one foot on a firm ledge of grass-grown rock, and the other leg bent into a kneeling position, he leant forward and endeavored to raise her. Slowly, painfully, for she hung like a leaden weight in his arms, he managed at last to get hold of her, and then commenced the return journey.

If the descent had been dangerous, the ascent was still more so, especially to one laden as he was with a human burden, and every moment he seemed to feel his foot slipping backwards, and terrible visions of their joint fate in such a case rose before his mind.

How he managed the climb he never could remember; but at last he stood once more on the breezy hill-top, the scent of the salt water mingled with the fainter one of wild thyme blowing round him, and the bright August sunlight gleaming over the white unconscious form at his feet.

That she was merely unconscious, and not dead, he had perceived when he first touched her as she hung from the golden thorn-bush; and now kneeling down by her side chafed her cold hands in his strong warm ones and sprinkled the water in her little tin painting-can over her white face, until at last the heavy lashes were raised and the eyes below gazed wonderingly up into his face."

"What is it?" she murmured, half raising herself on her elbow. "Why do you look so frightened, and why does my head feel so queer?"

"You have had a bad fall, Miss Marchmont, and must keep quiet," replied Humphrey. "Thank Heaven! it is nothing more," he added in a lower tone, thinking again of the awful sight he had witnessed.

"Let me see. I fell, didn't I?" she inquired, looking up into his face. "Oh, yes; I remember now. I went down, down, ever so far, until at last all became dark, and I remember nothing more until I saw you standing by me and felt all the water trickling down my neck." And sitting up, she tried to dry her face and neck with her handkerchief.

Thankful to find her so little the worse for her adventure, Humphrey helped her as best he could; and then, rolling his coat up in the form of a bolster, bade her lie still while he collected their joint materials and made them ready to take home.

"It is very funny, you know, that I should just have happened to roll off the cliff at the time when I was prophesying some misfortune," remarked Avice, as at length they turned their steps homeward again. "I little thought my words would have such a swift fulfilment."

"The moral thereof is, don't prophesy evil, and especially not on the edge of a cliff. At anyrate, please don't do so in my company. You don't know what a fright you gave me."

Miss Marchmont was naturally a good deal alarmed by the account of what had happened, and surveyed Avice critically from head to foot through her gold-

rimmed spectacles to make sure that no bones had been broken.

It was with difficulty that they could persuade her not to put an entire veto on all rambles of any sort from that day forward; and before Humphrey retired across the road, she had succeeded in impressing him very strongly with a sense of his utter unworthiness—in her eyes at least—to escort Avice into dangerous places.

One thing more that day's work had done for Humphrey Standish—it had revealed to him the state of his feelings towards Avice Sacharty. Hitherto, he had not thought of her otherwise than as a friend—a very dear one, but still merely a friend, a girl with whom he had associated on much the same terms as he did with the other girls with whom he was thrown in contact.

Henceforth, he must regard her as the woman of his choice, a woman to be wooed earnestly and won at any cost, one whose slightest wish was more to him than any law framed—in short, Humphrey Standish was in love.

The feeling was a novel one, for he was not one of those youths who have a fresh amour every month. He had never cared much for the girls he had met in society. They were all very well to talk to, very bright and lively, some of them—clever even, often enough; but there was a something lacking about them—a want of that which goes to make up true conjugal happiness—an unreality and sham which were totally foreign to his nature, and from which he instinctively recoiled.

Avice Sacharty had none of this. Living as she had done almost all her life in the seclusion of the country, mixing only in moderation in the county society, there was a freshness and true enthusiasm about her which, unfortunately, seem now to be becoming rarer every day.

And then, thrown as she and Humphrey had been so entirely on one another's society, their natures had gone out towards each other as they could never have done under any other circumstances; so that it was small wonder that, insensibly and, as it were, in spite of himself, the young man should have grown to regard his companion with feelings warmer than those of mere friendship or admiration.

CHAPTER II.

THAT same evening, as aunt and niece were seated in the little room which served as dining-room and drawing-room both, they saw the well-known figure of the village postman stopping before their little gate.

"Run, Avice, dear, and see what letters old David has for us," said Miss Marchmont, looking round at her niece. "We ought to have one from grandmamma today, it is so long since she has written."

Avice needed no second bidding, and in another moment she was standing by the old postman's side. "Now, David," she said coaxingly, "where are those letters you promised me yesterday? I'm getting fearfully impatient for them."

David shook his head.

"I'm fearing there's naething for ye the nicht, missie," he replied, as he held open his scantily-filled bag for her inspection. "But here's twa for the auld leddy yonder," nodding his head in the direction of the window as he spoke, and at the same time producing two square-looking packets from the bottom of his bag. "Maybe there's some bit letter inside for you."

Avice shook her head doubtfully; there was not much likelihood of that, she thought, as she returned to the sitting-room with them.

"One's from grandmamma, and the other's an Indian letter—from papa, I expect; it's like his writing."

If she had wanted to know the contents of the last-named letter, she was doomed to disappointment, for Miss Marchmont, after glancing at the superscription, placed it in her pocket and turned her attention to the other one. Her brother-in-law's scrawls were not easy to read, and she preferred deciphering them by herself.

Presently, however, Avice, seeing the Standishes at the gate, went off to join them in their walk; and then pulling the Indian letter out of its resting place, the elder lady proceeded to peruse it.

Apparently the contents did not exactly please her, for her usually placid forehead wore a decided frown as she replaced it in its envelope, and an ejaculation which, coming from other lips, might have been termed impatient, escaped her.

"It's a great nuisance," she murmured, half aloud, as she gazed abstractedly out of the window—"a great nuisance. If only he had waited until rather later—until October, say, or even the end of September! But to have him coming home just now, when mother and I are both away from home, and Erica too—it is really too provoking. However, he'll just have to come and stay down here, if he really wants to see us on business. Ah, well, I just wish Margaret had never met him. Poor Margaret! it would have been better for her at anyrate if she hadn't."

And then the good soul went off into a day-dream, a sad-sweet dream of days which could never return, when her long dead sister, Avice's mother, had been a laughing joyous girl, just as her daughter was now, in the bright careless days before she had met and loved Kilmur Sacharty.

The shadows were growing long and black ere she was roused from her reverie by her niece's merry laugh. She smiled as she watched the girl's deft fingers light the little lamp, "to save Perkins the trouble;" and sighed, too, as she noted how like every gesture, every movement of the slim figure, was to that of the dead young mother.

"I have had a letter from your father," she began at last after a few minutes' pause. This was merely by way of introduction, as Avice knew that much already. "It is not very long, nor is there much in it, except the fact that he on his way home ahem, I should say to England, at this moment."

"Papa coming home! Why, how's that, auntie? He hasn't been abroad more than four years since he was here last. What can be bringing him home?" And Avice turned a look of inquiry upon her aunt.

"That I cannot tell you, for I do not know myself," returned that lady. "He merely says it is a matter of business, which he can settle best personally. But you know how erratic his movements are."

Avice looked puzzled, but not altogether pleased. The truth was, she also wished her father's visit had been deferred till later, for she had no mind to quit Mark's Cove before the Standishes, and she feared that this might lead to her aunt's returning home at once.

So she was not a little relieved to hear Miss Marchmont declare that she had no intention of going back, and that if Kilmur wanted to see them, he could just come down to Mark's Cove.

"That's another fulfilment of my prophesy," said Avice, as she related the news to her ally Humphrey the next day—"at least, I mean a kind of fulfilment, for of course it is a very nice one, and I prophesied evil."

Humphrey didn't answer. He appeared busily engrossed in baiting one of the girl's hooks—in reality, he was doubting whether the news were really so good—at least for him, for "papa" might object to his suit and shattered all his hopes with one cruel blow.

However, it was no good meeting trouble half-way, as he told himself; so, casting all thoughts of parental opposition to the winds, he set to work to enjoy himself as heartily as if no such thing could possibly exist, and the next few days passed more swiftly than those before.

Destiny, however, was bringing the much-dreaded father nearer and nearer, until at last one fine day it landed him outside the little green door of Miss Marchmont rooms, and gave him a friendly push over the threshold.

Humphrey was out when he arrived—by himself, for a wonder—the fact being that he had gone out in a herring-boat, "just to see what it was like," as he said, and he did not return until about eight o'clock the next morning.

Mrs. Standish told him the news over his breakfast, and also added that she had been introduced to the new-comer.

"Oh! And what is he like?" inquired Humphrey, diligently buttering his bread, as if Kilmur Sacharty's appearance was no more to him than that of the sweep. "Is he good-looking?"

"Um—yes. I suppose he would be considered rather handsome. But, my dear Humphrey," in an expressive whisper, "he is black."

"Black!" almost shouted her son, springing out of his seat in astonishment. "Do you mean to say that Avice Sacharty's father is black?"

Mrs. Standish looked a little surprised. She had certainly not expected such an exhibition of feeling, although she guessed that her news would be rather startling.

"Of course, he is not like a negro, my dear," she said mildly. "He is an Indian—but I'm not sure, as it is in Malacca he lives—a man of great influence, and of very high rank there, I believe. And he is not very black, not very much more so than Avice herself; and you know she is not particularly dark."

Humphrey frowned. However noble and powerful the father might be, the idea of a colored father-in-law was not exactly a pleasant one, even though the tinting were light. But still, as he reflected, intermarriage with foreign potentates and nobles was not considered such a very dreadful thing nowadays. In fact, it was done, well, if not every day, at least sometimes. And then there was Avice herself, so sweet and bright and lovable, with her winsome face, which had learned to brighten at his coming, and her merry laugh, which rang in his ears like music. Surely, if she loved him, it was worth while submitting to some little disagreeables for her sake. And as he thought it all over, the recollection flashed over him of how that bright face had looked in its deathly pallor that day on the cliffs, when he all but lost her ere she was won; and he shuddered again at the remembrance, and felt firmly and clearly how impossible it would be for him to relinquish her, come what might.

And after all, when he was introduced to Mr. Sacharty, he found that—to look on, at all events—he was not at all so bad as he had imagined. Dark he most certainly was, but exceedingly handsome notwithstanding, with clear-cut features, a thin composed-looking mouth, and glossy hair the color of Avice's, which waved slightly and most becomingly.

He professed himself charmed to meet his precious daughter's preserver, for as such he most assuredly regarded Humphrey, and offered no obstacle to the free unrestrained intercourse which had all along existed between the two. To be sure, he often made one of the party when Humphrey proposed any ramble or excursion for himself and Avice; but the astute young man early discovered Mr. Sacharty's objection to the motion of the sea, and accordingly increased the number of his aquatic expeditions, much to Avice's secret joy, for she loved boating beyond everything.

So far there had been no mention of the "business," the grave importance of which had brought him to England, and Miss Marchmont was beginning to think of making some inquiries as to its nature, when, to her relief, her brother-in-law started the subject himself. They were alone. Miss Marchmont was sitting by the open window busily engaged in embroidering a pinafore for a little niece in Ireland, when Kilmur suddenly drew up his chair opposite hers and said quietly: "Amelia, I want to have a little talk with you about the business which has brought me over here, and it seems to me that just now is a very good opportunity for doing so."

"Well," returned his sister-in-law, laying down her work, "I am glad that you have started the subject; for I was beginning to have some very serious doubts as to the existence of any business whatever."

The Indian smiled—an unpleasant smile. "Oh, yes, it is very real business," he replied—"very real, I assure you. It is about Avice's marriage."

Miss Marchmont started.

"Avice's marriage," she repeated, a nameless dread striking cold at her heart. "Why, she is not even engaged. What is the use of talking about marriage for a child like that?"

"Her mother was exactly the same age when she married me," replied the other, in his cold measured tones—"exactly the same age, if I remember right; besides, what has age to do with the matter?"

"She cannot choose for herself; she is too young to know her own mind," began Miss Marchmont; but her brother-in-law interrupted her.

"It is not a case of choosing for herself or of knowing her own mind," he said quietly. "It is I, her father, who have to choose; and I have chosen."

"Good gracious, Kilmur, what do you mean?" Miss Marchmont was not given to the use of ejaculation, but the violence of her emotions forced this one from her.

"I mean precisely what I say," was the answer. "I have exercised my parental right in choosing my daughter's husband, and he is one of the richest men in all the Malay Peninsula."

"And his name?" gasped Mrs. Marchmont.

"The Rajah Mutwanee," returned her brother-in-law triumphantly; "and he has promised to make her his principal wife."

"His principal wife! The principal wife—temporarily, of course—of a Malay rajah."

[TO BE CONTINUED].

BILIOUS DISORDERS, LIVER COMPLAINTS, costiveness, Dyspepsia, &c., are speedily removed by Dr. Jayne's Sanative Pills. Thirty years use has proved them superior to all other remedies for the cure of the various diseases for which they are recommended. In their action they are mild and certain, and may be taken at any time without risk from exposure.

Scientific and Useful.

PIANO KEYS.—A recent inventor is designed to prevent the discoloration of the keys of a piano-forte, and consists essentially in so constructing the casting of the keyboard that the keys shall always be exposed to the light and atmosphere.

UNDERGROUND.—Underground photography has recently made such progress that mining engineers are now able to illustrate their reports with pictures showing the exact appearance of ledges, ore bodies and other features of importance.

WALLS.—In building walls it is of great importance not to overload them. The weight limit of safety per superficial foot is estimated as follows: Rubble masonry, 2 tons; lime concrete foundations, 2½ tons; brick work in cement, 3 tons; sandstone piers, 15 tons; limestone piers, 25 tons, and granite piers, 40 tons.

ALUMINUM.—Aluminum is being used regularly by many of the large steel companies in the country. It is added to the steel in proportion from a half to several pounds to the ton of the steel, the purpose of the addition being largely to prevent the retention of the occluded gases in the steel and give thereby the production of solid ingots. Aluminum seems also to give extra fluidity to the metal, which results in clearer and sounder steel castings.

ASPHALT.—A certain amount of asphalt compounded with rubber assists in calendering, and during vulcanization imparts a certain toughness to the rubber which is not to be gained in any other way. The proportion used to-day is but small. For example, what would be known as a rich compound is eighteen pounds coarse para, eleven pounds litharge, forty pounds whiting, three pounds asphalt, half a pound lamp-black, eleven and a half ounces sulphur. Exactly what asphalt is very few people seem to know, and it is almost invariably in the popular mind confused with coal-tar. Asphalt as a paving material has been known since the Babylonian empire, and to-day paving blocks are found that preserve their integrity and have hardly begun to oxidise in spite of the atmospheric changes to which they have been exposed.

Farm and Garden.

HOUSE PLANTS.—House plants become gradually covered with dust, and the leaves are unable to perform their functions. It is essential that they be washed with tepid water at least twice a week, by spraying on the plants with a bulb syringe.

SALT.—Any animal will eat too much salt if deprived of it for a length of time. A little salt every day will be beneficial. If a lump of rock salt is placed where all kinds of stock can have access to it they will regulate the quantity for themselves.

POULTRY.—The farm that does not support a flock of poultry is not managed to the best purpose. On the contrary, the farm on which too much poultry is kept will be the loser to the extent that it is over-burdened, for where poultry is crowded into a house it ceases to be profitable.

LIGHTS AND FIRES.—We are getting used to the handling of lanterns and other lights in barns and out-houses, and to fires, stoves and flues in the house, by their everyday use, but it will nevertheless pay the head of the house to look over them once in a while that he take no extra risks of loss or disaster.

IDLE LAND.—No kind of land should remain idle. It can be made to produce some kind of crop, or it can be improved in fertility in some manner. If useless for crops let it be given up to sheep. If this cannot be done plow it, and use lime on it, so as to enable it to become fit for cultivation in the future.

RAW MATERIAL.—The farmer has the advantage in growing his raw material on the farm. He converts his grain and grass into meat, milk, and butter, and saves a portion of the cost in the manure. Stock raising is essential when prices for farm produce are low, and as much of the work of feeding is done in the winter employment is afforded at a time when it can be profitably bestowed. The profit, however, depends on the kind of stock used. Thousands of farmers devote their time and labor to the task of attempting to derive a profit from stock that should be sent to the butcher as unprofitable.

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Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

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Meetings and Greetings.

The character of a people is seen very often at the outset, just as the character of some men are transparent as a sheet of glass. With other nations stolidity of character hides every emotion, and effectually conceals the inner man.

Now, one of the external characteristic signs of nations is their method of greeting each other. When a man first comes in contact with his fellow he generally shows his heart, or at least a little glimpse of it. He exhibits that part of his heart which is bound up in his education. He proves what his surroundings have been. In old country places, when two people pass each other of a night, there is usually a kindly greeting and a polite wish. This is very much to be admired. Kind words don't cost much, and they really do some people a great deal of good.

Moreover, the greetings of a people are indicative of their geographical situation, their occupation, and their religion. When the Jews first settled in their land of promise, they were almost always at war. They had to displace a warlike people, and many warriors and chiefs; they had to smite the Philistines, hip and thigh, and to hew Ahas in pieces, before they could arrive at any defined quiet. The greeting of such people must have spoken some part of this warlike feeling, and it did so.

A man met another, and was prepared to be his brother or his enemy. He therefore cried out "Shalum?" "Is it peace?" The Arab of to-day, whose hand is against every man, and against whom every man's hand is, cries out the same greeting, Salaam, just as King Ahab cried out to Jehu, the son of Nimshi, when he recognized his furious driving, and the rattling war chariot of his slayer—"Is it peace, Jehu?" Then came the scornful answer, "What hast thou to do with peace? Get thou behind me!"

But the Arabs have, in addition to this questionable greeting, several others, which are not destitute of beauty. As an Irishman wishes his friend, with poetic fervor, the very "top o' the mornin'," so the pious Arab wishes to his friend that "his morning may be good." "May God strengthen your morning!" Then comes another wish, asserting, in a dogmatic and fatalist way, a great truth—"If God will, thou art well;" "If God will, all the members of thy family are flourishing." There is a fine, simple acknowledgement of the One God always in the East.

Grand, philosophical, full of poetry, and with no gloomy thoughts of futurity, the Greeks under their blue sky, looking down upon the laughing ripples of their azure seas, lived the joyous life of grasshoppers, and as they met, cried out, "Chaire!" "Be glad, rejoice!" "We are not sure," says a writer, "that this single word chaire be not a better key to the people than all the sage books from Gronovius to Grote." It certainly speaks of summer skies and of an open-air people, full of fine health and life.

So also the greeting of the Romans spoke of their manly, hardy manner, their bold, earnest, bearing: "Salve, vale!" Be healthy, be sane, be strong, and the word valor signified virtue, strength, bravery (literally value and courage) in a man, for what man is worth anything unless he has courage in the affairs of life?

Amongst trading nations there is naturally in their greetings something referring to their occupation. Thus the Genoese used to salute with a very fair wish—"Health and gain!" A German asks, "How goes it?" It being probably an abstraction for the whole surroundings of a man, or referring to the world about him. A Piedmontese is the servant, the slave of the man he meets. An Italian of middle Italy asks, "How do you stand? How are you existing?" The Spaniards say, "Good late," rather than "Good evening." Of the same nature with the German question is that Parisian and Alsatian greeting, which is voted vulgar in the higher circles, "How is it that it goes? Does the world spin round with you, oh my friends?"

The other phrase which we are all taught by French governesses, or pick up in the street, is the universal "How do you carry on? How do you bear yourself?"

The phrase smacks of both military and civil vanity. Is it all right with you, chin up, eyes front? Are you marching on after La Gloire? As his friend goes off, the Frenchman waves his hand gaily, and says, Adieu! He never thinks of what it means; it commits his friend to God's keeping; but there are thousands who use it who never for a moment think of a Supreme Being, and who deny or question His existence. When we English speaking people part we say, Good-bye, good be to you, or may good befall you!

Our American manner of greeting is not very warm, but it has many good points about it. When Jones meets Robinson he possibly does not feel any lively interest in him. He is not called upon to besiege Heaven with prayers, calling down every blessing on his head. The occasion does not warrant it; nor is the character of the native sufficiently expansive and full of compliment to do so.

He does not wish "the top o' the mornin'" to his friend when he meets him, nor does he require at parting that "ten thousand candles may light his sowl to glory;" he says simply, "How are you?" and "How do you do?" Both are simple and practical. To do, to get on, is, with the modern American, the first consideration, the theory and practice of his life. He generally accompanies this greeting by some reference to politics, to trade, or the weather.

But then the congratulation that it is "very fine," or the question, "Shall we have rain?" are natural enough, and serve for the careless conversation of the street. Upon what other things are two men to talk about? They cannot be continually speaking of the cut of their coats, or of the slight variation in shape of their ugly hats. Frantic and hyperbolical expression we leave to other nations.

An anxious, busy race, we are content to go about our own business, and to talk about the weather, to ask "How d'ye do?" and, when we part, to express our warmest wishes for our friends by the laconic "Good be unto ye," or as the more pious construe the abbreviation, "God be with you!"

No motive, however apparently good, should tempt us to deny what we believe, or to pretend to agree with that from which in our inmost minds we dissent. Whether we shall openly proclaim them and push them into notice is another matter which judgment and wisdom must decide; but nothing can excuse the weak dissimulator who through fear or interest perverts his real thought and sails under false colors. No permanent good is gained for self, no real service is rendered to others by hypocrisy in any of its shades.

IT is a precept of good manners and good sense, and therefore of good style, to adapt your allusions to your audience. People who obtrude their particular "shop" on mixed company, or perplex the strangers within their gates with unintelligible family jokes, are guilty of intolerably bad manners. So, in literature, persistent allusions to out-of-the-way and obscure books and characters are equally a piece of bad manners. Allusiveness is felt to be offensive the moment the allusions are not understood.

WRITE it on your heart that every day is the best day in the year, says Emerson. No man has learned anything rightly until he knows that every day is dooms-day. To-day is a king in disguise. To-day always looks mean to the thoughtless, in the face of a uniform experience that all good and great and happy actions are made up precisely of these blank to-days. Let us not be so deceived; let us unmask the king as he passes.

CHILDREN alone of human beings have the capacity for unadulterated enjoyment. Their childhood therefore should be the holiday of life. Its slave-day will soon be upon them, and then farewell for ever to the merry world without a responsibility, a fear, or a care which is their rightful abiding-place until borne out into the tumult and the strife of the world!

IT is as easy to have good manners as to have bad ones; but to have them they must be taught in the nursery and used habitually at home. The practice of habitual courtesy at home will make one courteous abroad; and to be esteemed well-bred is certainly worth all the trouble that can be taken to gain that distinction.

HE who is sympathetic has his entrance into all hearts and is the solver of all human problems. To him is given dominion where he thinks to serve; and the love which he gives without stint, as without calculation, he receives back without measure, as without conditions.

MAN, wishest thou to live happy and wise? Attach thy heart only to that beauty which perishes not; let thy condition border thy desires; let thy duty precede thy wishes. Learn to love that which can never be taken away from thee; learn to leave all when virtue orders it.

SCRATCH the green rind of a sapling, or wantonly twist it in the soil, and a scarred and crooked oak will tell of thee for centuries to come. How forcibly does this beautiful figure teach the lesson of giving right instead of wrong tendencies to the mind.

MIGHTY is envy, always, and mighty ignorance; but you become aware of their truly Titanic grandeur only when you attempt to touch their owner's pockets.

THERE may be as honest a difference between two men as between two thermometers. The difference in both cases may arise from difference in positions.

CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

G. E.—No, English is not the language most spoken in the world; it is Chinese, for it is that of 400,000,000 of the human race.

J. J. E.—There is no such thing as "the Methodist religion," any more than there is a Presbyterian or Baptism religion. There is but one religion which is professed alike by all Christian sects, and that is the Christian religion. The Methodist sect was founded by John Wesley and his followers in the years between 1729 and 1740.

ANXIOUS.—The ages at which consumption is most common are those between twenty-five and thirty years. It is rare in childhood, and even if hereditary, is is comparatively rare after the age of thirty. Good living and pure dry air are the best preservatives from an outbreak of the disease. In selecting a residence, a sandy, gravelly soil is very desirable.

MANCHESTER.—According to scientists, thunder has nothing to do with making milk sour. The atmospheric conditions which prevail during and just after thunderstorms, are only concerned so far as they furnish a favorable time for the fungus to develop rapidly. This fungus growth is what really does sour the milk, and it is peculiarly fatal to young children who are at the nursing age.

PATIENCE.—The way to teach your parrot to talk is to sit down before it two or three times daily and repeat over slowly and distinctly the words or phrases you desire it to learn, giving the bird a word at a time perhaps, and pronouncing it until the parrot makes an attempt to imitate the pronunciation; then give him a tit-bit. He will soon understand what he requires to do to gain rewards.

MIDLAND.—Harrow is a famous grammar-school in the town of the same name, in the county of Middlesex, England. The school was founded by John Lyon, a wealthy yeoman, in 1571. The town is finely situated on the summit of a high hill, ten miles by railroad northwest of London. It is called Harrow-on-the-Hill. It contains a number of attractive houses, ancient and modern, and a picturesque old church.

ROBIN.—The term round robin is given to a written petition or protest, signed by a number of persons, in a circular form, so that it may not appear who signed it first. Sometimes the names are written around a ring or circle inclosing the memorial or remonstrance and sometimes they are appended to it, arranged within a circle of their own, from the centre of which they radiate as the spokes of a wheel do from the nave.

BIRD.—Honolulu is the capital and seat of government of the Hawaii or Sandwich Islands, one of the most important groups of Polynesian islands. Honolulu is situated in Oahu. Molokai, the island inhabited by lepers must be familiar to you by name, and is one of the collection which consists of eight principal, and a few small ones. The enormous crater of the Kilauea, and the high volcano of Mauna Loa are in Hawaii, and with these you should be acquainted.

ALICE.—Do not worry yourself over your red hair. The skin which goes with it is very free from dandruff, which is an advantage. We have heard it stated, and this accompanied by confirmatory proof, evidence being acquired from one of the great Lunatic Asylums, that out of 165 patients, only one had red hair. As a rule, people are very strong who have it. Another consolation for you exists in the fact that it is a favorite color amongst painters, both the old masters and the new.

MARY STUART.—You set us an unenviable task when you ask for the exact meaning of the word "socialist." A socialist is a believer in Socialism, and Socialism is a word that would probably be defined in ten different ways by ten different intelligent socialists, so that, no matter what explanation we may give, we shall be sure to disappoint somebody. Socialism, then, is a plan that is not yet very clearly defined for doing away with the competition by which those who are clever, strong, or lucky prosper, and those who are dull, weak, or unlucky fail in life. It aims at bringing about such a state of things that all property and the means of making wealth would belong to the State—that is, so all of us together—and would be used for the equal benefit of all, just as the high-road belongs to the town and is kept for common use.

FERROLL.—Fairs are said to be of Saxon origin, and were first instituted by Alfred, A. D. 886. They were established by Gregory VII. in 1078, and called feriæ, at which the monks celebrated the festival of their patron saint; they then often combined a kind of "revival." To them came flocking various multitudes, and these in their turn attracted the shopkeeping class, pedlers, and booth-holders. Charlemagne, A. D. 800, set them up in France, if indeed they had not been before in use. William I. made regulations for them soon. Skinner derives the word "fair" not from feriæ (holidays or festivals), but from forum, a market; and this derivation Blackstone would seem to strengthen—"If I am entitled to hold a fair or market, and another person sets up a fair or market so near mine that he does me a prejudice, it is a nuisance to the freehold that I have in my market or fair." Fairs were regulated by statute in the time of Elizabeth, and are hence called statute fairs, or, in Bedfordshire dialect, "statty fairs;" at these, servants are hired. If you will write again we will answer your second and third questions; at present, and in justice to others, one answer at a time, if you please.

UNCONQUERED.

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

However strong and skilled art thou, my foe,
However fierce is thy relentless hate;
Though firm thy hand, and sure thy aim and straight
Thy poisoned arrows leave the bended bow
To pierce the target of my heart—ah! know
I am the master yet of my own fate.
Thou canst not rob me of my chief estate.

Though fortune, fame, and friends, yea, love, shall go,
Not to the dust shall my true self be buried,
Nor shall I meet thy worst assaults dismayed.
When all things in the balance are well weighed
There is but one great danger in the world.
Thou canst not force my soul to wish thee ill—
There only lies the evil that can kill.

The Camera-Obscura.

BY J. S. FLETCHER.

WHEN I first joined the Coastguard service, there was a great deal more romance about it than there is nowadays. A cargo of contraband stuff come in once a week then, where it does not come in once a year now.

The smugglers, too, were fellows who were not afraid of giving and taking a few blows in the exercise of their trade.

Many a brush have I had with them in which blood was spilt as freely as water, firearms and cutlasses being used on both sides without compunction.

It was stiff work in those days: and the coastguard of to-day who walks along his mile or two of outlook and takes occasional sightings with his glass, has small conception of what wild jobs we sometimes had in the old days when a boatful of goods came in from Holland or France to be discharged in some lonely spot on the coast.

However upright and honest in other things they might be, I always found that the coast-people had not the slightest misgivings of conscience where smuggling was concerned.

It seemed as natural to them to get their spirits and tobacco free of duty as it is to an ordinary man to buy them in the usual way. I have known men who would not have defrauded their neighbors of a penny, and whose morality and honesty were beyond question, but who were beyond repentance in the matter of smuggling.

The fact was they had been taught to smuggle from their very childhood, and could not see the harm of it. Again, as many of them urged, they bought the stuff over in foreign towns and paid for it—why, then, should they not be allowed to bring to their own homes?

It was useless to attempt any explanation of the law. Dwellers in solitary places know and care little about any laws but their own.

My first station was at Porthlock, a solitary fishing village on the east side of Lizard Point. The population was a typical Cornish one, and there was scarcely a soul that was not engaged in some sea-trade or in some calling connected with the staple industry.

Perhaps the parson and the doctor were the only persons not actually concerned in one or other of the boats that put out of the little quay-pool, and I am not quite sure that the doctor was not as much interested in some of them as in his practice, which was not a good one, for the place was wonderfully healthy.

I had not been long at Porthlock, however, when I came to the conclusion that if fishing was the ostensible principal pursuit of the place, in reality it was nothing of the sort. True, the boats went out religiously, and there were great hauls brought to the quay-side; but something lay behind all that.

The people of Porthlock, from the old mariner of a hundred years to the sturdy urchins of eight or ten, were inveterate and determined smugglers. I could make no distinction amongst them: the doctor was as bad as any of the others, and I always had an idea that the easy-going old parson was not beyond accepting an occasional gift of brandy and tobacco that had never paid duty.

It was impossible to feel angry with these people, for they performed their nefarious practices under my very nose, and smiled in my face as they did so, just like naughty children that laugh at you when they are committing some piece of perversity.

They were always friendly with me, and if I had but said the word, would have found me in as much spirits and tobacco as would have supplied me for a twelvemonth.

My predecessor had been somewhat lax in his duties, and I had a pretty strong suspicion that the Porthlock folk had bribed him to willing blindness whenever his eyes ought to have been extra sharp.

They soon found, however, that I was not going to aid and abet them in defrauding Her Majesty's revenue. I had come there to do my duty, and meant to do it at whatever cost.

I said as much to the doctor, a red-bearded broad-figured Scotchman, who had seen everything had been everywhere, and who was the most genial, easy-tempered man I ever knew.

He never seemed to have anything to do, save when a wee Porthlockian came into the world, or some old inhabitant went out of it, fairly worn out and venerable in years.

He was a mighty man at fishing and otter-hunting, and could tell the finest stories over his glass of grog and pipe of bird's-eye. Again, he was friends with everybody, treating the fishermen as brothers, and not unseldom going out with them to sea. He was also as brave as a lion, and was always first to respond if the lifeboat was summoned.

"Why, of course," said he, "there's smuggling going on in the place. The drap spirits ye're drinking, man, never paid duty, nor yet the baccy in yer pipe."

"That's a nice thing to tell a preventive officer, doctor," I answered.

"Hoot, toot, man: dinna fash yersel' on that score. What harm will the puir bodies do to the Queen by bringing a bit cargo o' stuff across the water?"

That was how they all looked at it. They could see no harm in smuggling. It was a proper adjunct to their other trade of fishing.

There was one family in the place, however, who unblushingly proclaimed the fact that they were smugglers and nothing else. True, they did not say so in plain language; but their actions were just as eloquent as any words could be.

They possessed two fine boats, and went to sea; but they never brought any fish back to the quay-pool. Sometimes they stole out of the harbor at night, and were away for a day or two.

When I next caught sight of them, they were pursuing their usual vocation of lounging about the quay-pool; but there was an air of satisfaction on their dark visages which could only be accounted for in one way—they had successfully run in a cargo of contraband goods.

The name of this family was Nanjulian, and there were nine males engaged in smuggling, the father, old Zebedee Nanjulian, and his eight sons.

Tall, athletic, dark-visaged men they were, all well able to show more than ordinary strength at wrestling and fighting. One of their peculiarities was a devout love of Scripture names.

The eldest son was called Aaron; the second, Matthew; the third, Titus; then came in order Timothy, Cleophas, Simon, Esau, and Pharaoh.

The last named was the one whom I cared least about than any of his brothers. He was about twenty-five years of age, and had an expression of countenance which I did not like.

Pharaoh Nanjulian, in fact, looked the sort of man to stick at nothing. I felt sure that in a fight he would kill an enemy without compunction, and I devoutly hoped that he and I might never get across each other in the course of events.

As matters turned out, this was precisely what we did do. Not more than two miles out of Porthlock, right on the edge of the cliff, there stands a gentleman's seat, the name of which I have forgotten. He was a scientific man, who had built himself an observatory, and was always taking observations and such things about the sky and sea.

I have forgotten his name too. But I have not forgotten the pretty little lodge which stood at the entrance to his grounds, nor the old lodge-keeper's pretty daughter, Bertha Penruddock. Old Penruddock had been a coastguard man himself long years before. He was very comfortably housed in the lodge, and his duties were light enough, for there were days and days together when the gates were never opened.

My lookout extended just as far as Penruddock's place, and many a cold winter night did I step inside the cheery little cottage to warm myself at the fire. Very soon I began to feel something more than a passing interest in Bertha.

She was a pretty girl and a good girl, and would make any man a true wife.

When I had come to that conclusion, I used to go to the lodge oftener than ever.

But Bertha had another suitor in the field—dark-faced Pharaoh Nanjulian. He was a strange suitor, too, never striving particularly to have speech of the girl, but always hanging about the lodge, as though he fancied that she would fall in his way sooner or later.

Now and then, old Penruddock had asked him what he meant by loafing around there, and received a surly answer that the cliff was free to anybody, which was true enough.

Once or twice Bertha, coming home from Porthlock, was met by Pharaoh and forced to speak to him. As he always behaved himself, and was certainly no stranger to the Penruddocks, the girl could hardly tell him that she wanted none of his company. He never made any advances to her, his sole method of making love being to stare at her pretty face and utter occasional remarks about the weather.

Master Pharaoh, however, was not minded to have a rival. He had set his heart upon marrying pretty Bertha.

When he found that I was visiting the lodge-keeper rather oftener than mere friendliness called for, he waylaid me, and told me his mind straight out like a man. He was coming along the cliffs when I met him, and planted himself in my path—a tall, dark-faced young giant.

"Aw—ax your pardon; but you're a-trespassin' like on my preserves, Master Walsh."

"Trespassing on your preserves. What do you mean?"

"Aw—ax your pardon if I be wrong; but heard you was going a main deal to Penruddock's cottage. Make so bold as to tell ye what I hear."

"You've heard right," I said. "But what then? How I am trespassing on your preserves because I go to Penruddock's, I don't see."

"Aw—well, I do mean to marry Bertha Penruddock myself, iss, sure I do; and won't have no man a-courtin' of her."

"The young lady will please herself, I suppose," I answered, feeling rather out of temper at this summary method of warning me off. "I shan't stop away from Penruddock's because you tell me to do so."

"Aw—then 'twill be unpleasant for ye, Master Walsh. Ax your pardon for tellin' ye; but 'tis tarrible fuleish work to go again me."

I said no more, but went forward and left him. That night I went to Penruddock's cottage again and told them what Pharaoh had said. Somehow or other, Bertha and I came to an understanding on that occasion, and I went homeward with ample assurance that however much Pharaoh might object, she would in due time become Mrs. Edward Walsh.

Winter came on, and I soon formed a decided opinion that the Nanjulians were engaged in very extensive smuggling. From various bits of evidence that came to hand, we had no doubt whatever that valuable cargoes were being landed close to Porthlock, and so cleverly that we could not trace them.

I nearly wore myself to death in keeping a lookout, and yet I came across no clue. It was a trying time, for I was on my mettle, and a clever capture would have earned for me the promotion I wanted. I grew anxious and careworn, and my peace of mind was not increased by the fact that the Nanjulians passed me with a sort of laugh-in-the-sleeve expression on their brown faces.

I came to the conclusion at last that somewhere along the neighboring coast there was a cleverly concealed hiding-place where the smugglers were storing their goods.

I would have given a year's wages to have found it. I haunted the rocks along the coast, and examined the rough ground on the headlands above, and could find nothing. Once, when I had been out all day engaged in this manner, I met several of the Nanjulians on my return, and heard them laughing in a sneering way after they passed me.

No doubt they had watched my proceedings, and were delighted to think that I was completely outwitted. But I felt sure that sooner or later the tables would be turned on old Zebedee Nanjulian and his eight sons.

One fine winter morning I found myself on the cliffs near Penruddock's cottage, and turned in there for a five minutes' chat with Bertha. The old man was out, and Bertha stood at the door with a pail of hot water and a scrubbing-brush in her hand. She had just locked the door and put her key in her pocket.

"Whither away, my girl?" I said.

"I'm going up to see the Squire's latest invention, Ned," she answered. "He's built a thing on the Point yonder that enables you to see over the country all round. A camera-something they call it."

"A camera-obscura," I said. "Ay? I should like to see that, Bertha. Is any one about?"

"The Squire's gone away for a day or two," she answered. "Come along, Ned. I know how to work it. You pull two or three strings, and walk round a white table—that's all. I'm going up there to scrub the floor."

The Point, where the little wooden house for the camera-obscura had been built, was a high bit of wooded ground on the edge of a little promontory that ran out seawards, and fell sharply away to the sands.

There was a good view of land and sea from it, and no better spot could have been found for the Squire's purpose.

That morning was exceedingly bright and fine, and the view we had of the surrounding country was very clear. I soon learned how to manipulate the cords, and we spent a very pleasant half-hour watching the familiar objects appear on the white table.

There was the town of Porthlock with its quay-pool and old-fashioned gables; then the beach and sea; then another stretch of beach and rocks; then more headland and coast, and again the lonely meadows until we came round to Porthlock once more. It was most amusing to have far-away objects brought so near home. Just as we had completed the circle, we heard old Penruddock calling Bertha's name in the grounds outside.

"He wants the key," said Bertha; and opened the door and ran away towards the cottage. I shut the door again, and pulled the cords so that the beach beyond Porthlock was photographed on the table. It had struck me that a camera-obscura would save me many miles of walking in fine weather, for it brought all the country close to your very eyes. I pulled the reflector round, not having any particular object in view, until a bit of coast about a mile away lay represented on the table. The scenery just there was very wild and rugged.

It was known locally as the Six Sisters, as there were six obelisk-like rocks there which rose straight out of the water and the sand, four of them being below, and two a good deal above high-water mark. These rocks, with their sharp points, were very accurately represented by the camera-obscura; and I was admiring the cleverness of the invention, when I suddenly saw something which brought an exclamation of wonder to my lips.

Down the face of the cliff came five men. I recognised them at once as five of the Nanjulians. No other men in Porthlock had such tall figures or long limbs. Which five I could not say, for I could not distinguish their faces, but five Nanjulians they were.

When I saw that, I slipped a catch in the door, so that no one could open it and let in the light. Then I followed the movements of the far-away group with eager eyes.

It was like watching ghosts moving in a land of shadows. The five moved about aimlessly for a while, but I noticed that each wandered in a different direction.

Presently they drew near each other again, and were joined by a sixth Nanjulian, who came down from the headland.

Then they all went to the base of the one that stood highest out of high-water mark. I could not make out what they were doing, but presently I saw them one by one disappear into the sand, as if they had been swallowed up.

The sixth remained, and was busied about the base of the rock for a little while, after which he walked away along the sands in the direction of Porthlock.

I went out with a feeling of triumph. I had found the key to my puzzle: I had, by a strange chance, discovered the store-place of the Nanjulians' contraband goods. At the base of that rock there was a trap-door, covered by the sand, and affording entrance to one of those subterranean caverns where goods or men can be concealed with perfect safety.

The man who remained above had done so in order to spread the sand over the trap-door again: those who had gone below were doubtless engaged in packing or arranging the fruits of their last smuggling expedition.

Such was the theory I formed. I had no doubt of its being correct; it seemed to me that the time was ripe for making a splendid capture.

* * * * * *

I left the little wooden house wondering

what was best to be done. Should I go straight to Helston or Falmouth for help, and bring a strong body of men direct to the underground cave? Or should I arrange matters so that the Nanjulians might be caught in the midst of their spoil?

The latter course seemed most desirable to me. I remembered the sneers and sly laughter which had so often greeted my approach when they thought I had been engaged in watching their movements.

I had gone home with tingling ears many a time when they had laughed at me in this way, and had comforted myself at such times by thinking that I should ultimately have the laugh at them. That time was come at last. Was it likely I would let the opportunity slip?

I made a hasty adieu to Bertha and her father, and went along the cliffs in the direction of Porthlock.

My first intention was to proceed to Falmouth and get sufficient help for that night's work; but, as I thought the matter over, I decided not to do anything hasty. I wanted to win as much glory and credit by the affair as I possibly could, and it seemed to me that I had better exercise some ingenuity.

For example, I was not yet certain that I had hit upon the right track. The cavern under the rock might not conceal the contraband goods of the Nanjulian tribe.

To be sure I had no doubt about it in my own mind; but it would be as well to make the certainty absolute. If only I could get inside that cave and see for myself what its contents were, my doubts would be set at rest. But how to do it?

I went along the cliffs until I was exactly above the Six Sisters. There was not a soul in sight just there.

Far away, nearly at Porthlock, I saw a black speck going along the level sands, which I believed to be the Nanjulian who had spread the sand over the trap-door after his brothers had gone into the cave. That seemed to indicate a long stay in the cavern.

It would perhaps be advisable for me to hide myself, and watch for some one coming to release the men. Sooner or later, they would have to come out. When they were once away, I might find a chance of investigating their hiding-place.

I always carried food in my pocket, never knowing how long I might be kept out of the reach of my usual meals. I was therefore prepared to spend a long day watching the rock below.

I went cautiously down the face of the cliff, and found a hiding-place where it was impossible for any one to see me, either from the cliffs above or from the sands beneath. Into this I crept, and fortified my mind for a long vigil by thinking what a fine thing this capture would turn out for me.

The day passed on slowly, more slowly, I think, than any day I ever remember. Morning went, afternoon passed, and the winter evening soon came. I began to feel cold and numbed, though I had on my thickest clothing. I could now only just see the rock.

The tide was nearly at its height, and four of the Six Sisters were almost submerged. Then, with an anathema on my own stupidity, I saw that it was impossible for any one to reach the fifth and sixth rocks by way of the shore.

The tide made that impracticable. The men in the cave, then, would have to remain there until low tide, unless they had some means of letting themselves out.

I hardly saw how they could do that, however. It did not seem possible for them to raise the trap-door from below. I left my hiding-place and went up the cliffs again.

The moon had come out, and as the night was sharp and clear, there was a good view of any object on the headlands. At a little distance stood old Mother Trethewy's cottage, a solitary ramshackle old hut, in which no one but herself would have lived.

She, however, being half-witch, half-ghoul, liked it probably from kindred feeling for aught that was weird and eerie.

There was a bright light in Mother Trethewy's window, which suggested heat, and consequent warmth. I thought it would do me no harm to spend a few minutes before the old woman's fire, and I went up to the door and knocked. She came to answer the summons with alacrity, and I fancied that she was rather disappointed on seeing my face.

"Let me come in and warm myself a moment, Mother," I said, stepping across the threshold. "It's terribly cold to-night on the headlands."

"You're welcome," she croaked, eyeing me, however, with anything but welcome glances.

"Aw, 'tis terrible weather for a poor old woman like me."

"Well, you've got a grand fire anyway, Mother."

"It be driftwood, driftwood, just driftwood. A weary climb I do have many a day in summer to bring un up from the beach below."

I sat down on a stool in front of the fire and spread out my hands to the blaze. The ancient crone sat down in her chair by the hearthstone and watched me. I tried to make her talk; but she was evidently not inclined to hold conversation with me. She kept glancing at me out of her wicked old eyes, as if I disturbed her.

"You've a nice quiet place here, Mother," I said. "No disturbing voices or anything to bother you. You"——

Just then a strange sound seemed to come from beneath my very feet. It was like somebody striking two or three blows with a heavy hammer under the floor of the cottage. I looked at the old woman in astonishment. She was obviously very ill at ease.

"What's that?" I said. "I heard a sound."

"A deal o' quare sounds there is here," she croaked. "They do say the place be haanted; but ne'er a sperrit have I seen. What wi' sounds and cockroaches, I do be pestered a'most to death. They cockroaches—there, that's the sixth I ha' killed to-night."

She caught up a heavy poker and brought the point down with considerable force on a black speck on the hearthstone which might have been either a cockroach or a cinder. She was evidently not satisfied with one blow, for she delivered one, two, three on the unfortunate object of her resentment, each resounding sharply from the hard stone. This done, she poked the ashes over the crushed speck.

"Well, I'm pretty warm now, Mother Trethewy," I said; and bidding her good-night, left the cottage and went away along the cliff. Turning round, I saw her watching me from the doorway. I kept on my path.

But I did not intend to go far. Two matters had set me thinking. What did that dull knocking under my feet mean, and why did Mother Trethewy answer it as she did with three hard taps of her poker?

Did it not mean that there was some one under the cottage who wanted to get out, and that Mother Trethewy had signalled to him, or them, that the coast was not clear?

A third matter seemed to hold some relation to the other two. In one corner of the cottage stood a strong crowbar. What did an old woman like that want with a crowbar?

It might have been left there by her dead husband—true! but it had been recently and constantly used, for the point was bright.

I went along the cliffs until a turn hid me from the cottage, and then I doubled, and went back to a point from which I commanded Mother Trethewy's door.

I waited there, secured from observation, for nearly half an hour. At last the door opened and four men came out. They passed close by me, going towards Porthlock, and I recognized them as Matthew, Simon, Cleophas, and Pharaoh Nanjulian.

So at last, thanks to chance, I had come across the Nanjulians' secret. Underneath my feet lay their cave, with its sea-entrance at the Six Sisters, and its land exit in Mother Trethewy's cottage.

I went homewards in good spirits. I would find my way into that cave and examine its contents for myself. That done, a raid should be made on the whole gang.

I occupied myself for hours that night in wondering how I could get into the cave. If I had not been so young and hasty, I should have sought superior counsel.

As it was, I wanted to keep the matter all to myself, so that I might have all the glory and credit. My feeling was that I would not share the honor with a second party. It did not strike me that two heads are always better than one.

How to get into the cave unaided?—that was the question. I went to sleep thinking about it, and fell to thinking again as soon as I woke in the morning.

Standing on the quay-side during the forenoon, I saw the Nanjulians, one and all, man their boats and go out to sea with several other Porthlock craft in company. I knew then that they would be away all day, and made up my mind to enter the cave in their absence.

At last a thought struck me: I must trick old Mother Trethewy. I must get her out of her cottage for some hours, and make use of the entrance, which I had no doubt I should find in the floor.

A capital ruse soon occurred to me. The old woman sometimes went out nursing or laying-out dead bodies. I would send her a message telling her to go over to St. Mirions, a village three miles inland, there to lay-out a fictitious person. She would go quickly enough, I knew, if there was promise of money.

There was a lad in Porthlock who had taken a great fancy to me, a lad who was somewhat of a harum-scarum type, and never up to anything but lurking and loafing round the quay-pool.

I resolved to press young Nick Perran into my service. It was rather a scurvy trick to play on the old woman, but in dealing with rogues it is sometimes unavoidable to destroy them with their own weapons.

I found Nick Perran readily enough, and was soon walking with him in the direction of Mother Trethewy's cottage. He was delighted at the prospect of doing anything for me, and I had soon instructed him in his part.

He was to knock at the door and tell Mrs. Trethewy that she was wanted at the "King George" inn at St. Mirions to lay out the body of a traveler who had died there suddenly.

He was to give her five shillings, and say that fifteen more would be paid her when the work was done. When he had delivered his message, he was to go straight home to Porthlock.

I hid myself behind a conveniently placed rock while Nick advanced to Mother Trethewy's door. She soon answered Nick's summons, received message and money, and, judging from her nods and motions, promise him to go at once.

The lad set off again in the direction of Porthlock; and within ten minutes more the old woman came out of her cottage carrying her basket. She locked the door behind her and set off over the headlands towards St. Mirions.

I watched Mother Trethewy safely away. When she was a small speck in the distance, I went round to the rear of her cottage and looked about me for some easy entrance.

There was a small window there, which I easily unfastened. In another minute I was inside the little living-room, looking round for a likely spot on the floor.

I went into a tiny shed opening out of the house and found there a collection of ropes and pulleys. These were doubtless used for hauling goods out of the cave below.

Two or three lanterns hung on the wall near, and these I found on inspection to be newly trimmed. I had brought one of my own with me, however, and with it a revolver, which I thought might prove equally useful.

A careful inspection of the floor showed where a crowbar still stood in its corner. I laid hold of it and inserted the point at the spot indicated.

The flag came up easily enough, revealing a dark cavern underneath. Turning the light of my lantern over this, I saw a flight of steps, apparently cut out of the rock, leading downwards. The air came up through the cavity, cold and damp.

I was fairly in for it now, and I dropped through the hatchway and went cautiously down the steps. The lantern, strapped to my waist, threw its dim light on shiny, damp walls, through which the brine was oozing. I counted the steps until they numbered fifty-two.

Then came a passage, the floor of which sloped away at a rather quick rate. This, too, had been excavated through a soft bed of rock.

It continued for nearly twenty yards, and then opened into a cave which I at once saw to be of natural formation. Standing in the middle of this, I tried in vain to get an idea of its height. It towered above my head so much that I could not see the roof.

The floor at my feet, however, seemed trodden into a path, and following this, I came to another passage, some fifteen yards in length, which finally emerged in a second cave, evidently of greater extent than the first.

As I stepped into this, the faint booming of the sea met my ears. It was into the cave, then, that the entrance from the beach must lead.

I freshened the wick of my lantern and began to examine the cave carefully. I had been right in my conjecture—the Nanjulians' stores were accumulated here.

The nooks and crannies were packed with them. Casks, bales, tubs, boxes, were piled one on another, carefully assorted and arranged.

One corner sent forth a smell of spirits, another of tobacco. There must have been many a boat load in that cave. Here and there I found goods literally rotting with old age and mould.

Bales of foreign goods, silks, clothes, the contents green with mould, lay thrown about in prodigal confusion. I noticed, however, that in the dryer part of the cave, where the spirits and tobacco were stowed, there had been good care taken to preserve the stock.

Round and round and in and about that cave I went for nearly an hour examining and calculating. There would be a rich haul for us when we made the seizure.

I should certainly get promoted and rewarded too. I began to build castles in the air. I would marry Bertha Penruddock, and live in a little house which I had taken a great fancy for. We——

"Stand!" cried a voice, so close to me that I felt the man's hot breath on my cheek. I paused on the instinct, and looking through the gloom, saw right before me the evil face of Pharaoh Nanjulian.

He stood immediately opposite me, not two yards away, his right hand raised, and pointing a revolver full at my head. There was murder in his eyes; and a great wave came up in my heart as I realized how entirely I was at his mercy.

"If so be as you move a finger, coast-guard, I fire," said Pharaoh Nanjulian. "Move you back agin that wall."

I obeyed, hardly knowing what I did. He followed me, keeping the pistol upon me, until he could touch me. "Give me the lantern." He took it out of my hand, and set it on the floor at his side, never turning eye or hand or as he did so. The barrel of the pistol looked straight into my face and the hand that held it never trembled or flinched.

"Now," said Pharaoh, "I'll make so bold as to tell 'ee, Master Walsh, what I think. You're acquainted with our little hiding-place, it seems. But you wun't go out of un; no, not unless I like. What say 'ee to a bargain, co'a'guard? Do you promise faithful to gi' up courtin' my girl and not to say nothing about the cave, and you shall have your life? Don't waste no time in thinking 'bout it, co'a'guard. If you say 'No,' then I shoots, and your brains goes spatter agin the rock."

Staring straight beyond him, my eyes saw a strange sight. A face, white, startled, full of excitement, came out of the gloom—the face of the boy, Nick Perran. He stole softly up behind Pharaoh Nanjulian, his naked feet making no sound on the dry sand. His eyes stared straight at Pharaoh's head; his hands clutched Mother Trethewy's crowbar. He swung it up noiselessly for the blow—one, two, three—

"Don't waste no time, co'a'guard," said Pharaoh.

Crash! Bang! The great crowbar came down, and at the same distant the pistol exploded with a voice that woke a thousand horrible echoes. The bullet whizzed past my ear and flattened itself against the rock behind.

"Ah! ah! ah!" screamed Nick Perran, almost frantic in his excitement. "Quick, Master Walsh, and bind him up. Quick, before he comes to his senses."

But there was small fear of Pharaoh Nanjulian coming to his senses just then. The crowbar had knocked all his wits out of him.

Nevertheless, we secured his hands and feet, and having made his head comfortable, hastened out of the cave as fast as possible. On the way to Porthlock, Nick told me how he chanced to come up at the nick of time.

Going along the headlands close to the town, he met Pharaoh, and seeing that he was making for the cottage, followed him at a safe distance.

Looking in at the window, he saw Pharaoh, descend into the cave. Then Nick saw possible danger for me, and made after the smuggler.

Well, I got a big force together that day and made a seizure, Pharaoh Nanjulian included. The other Nanjulians got wind of what had happened as they came in at night, and made off, nor were they seen at Porthlock again for many a day.

I got my promotion, and married Bertha; and we both attributed our great happiness, first, to the camera-obscura, from which I got the important clue; and second, to Nick Perran, who saved my life.

An interesting case for the student of the ways of a woman's heart to ponder is that of an Oakland, Cal., woman who, a few months ago, brought suit for divorce, shot her husband in her jealous rage while the case was pending, nursed him through the illness that ensued, fell in love with him all over again, and is now living with him, happy as a dove.

A PEEP AT THE PLANETS.

EVERYBOBY is supposed to know that the stars which glitter in the sky are of two completely distinct descriptions.

First there are the innumerable stars called "fixed," because their relative motions amongst themselves, or in space, are so slightly apparent to inhabitants of the earth as to be ascertained only by long and skilled observation.

It will seem strange to be told that, amongst these, there exist a few, perhaps many, black stars—stars which, having once shone, shine no longer.

These fixed stars we behold, year after year, at the same seasons of the year, in the same positions in the heavens, and in the same groupings amongst themselves. In fact they are independent, individual suns, shining by their own light, each sun having, in all probability, a set of planets revolving, at successive distances, round it.

Secondly, there are a few others stars, some of them very bright, although, like the moon, shining with light reflected from the sun, and visibly ever changing place, called "planets," from a Greek word signifying "erratic."

They are Milton's "five other wandering fires," the earth not being, by him, reckoned as a star, though it really is one for the rest of the planets.

Uranus and Neptune were then unknown. The actual wanderings are caused by their progress in their orbits round the sun, besides their apparent change of place resulting from the earth's motion in her own proper orbit, exactly as, in a railway carriage, objects along the road appear to be moving in a contrary direction.

Of course, all the planets being the offspring, or at least the hangers-on, of the sun, are incalculably nearer to us than any of the fixed stars.

"Incalculably" is the correct expression: for only of a very few has the exact, or perhaps only the approximate, distance been determined.

With the unassisted eye I can clearly see that an immense interval of space lies between, says Mars, and any fixed star which shines (in perspective) close beside it.

I can also see that Venus is much nearer to us the Jupiter. They seem like lamps suspended, far away from each other, in the sky. And, doubtless, other people, by looking attentively, can see the same.

In peeping at the planets it is a good plan, as far as we are able, to begin at the beginning, proceeding from the sun outwards. But the aspect of the starry heavens, the planets themselves, give us absolutely no idea of the solar system.

To form a correct notion of what it is like we must disengage ourselves, in thought, from the globe on which we live, and imagine ourselves removed to a distance sufficient to allow us to embrace at a glance the group of little worlds of which a very ordinary star, our sun, is the centre.

Around the sun eight principal planets revolve at unequal distances. Of these eight planets six are attended by satellites, that is to say, they are in turn the centres of smaller systems representing the solar system in miniature.

Thus, the earth has one satellite, the moon; Mars has two, only quite recently actually discovered, though previously guessed at by Voltaire: Jupiter, four; Saturn, eight; Uranus, four; Neptune, the most distant known planet up to the present time, has at least one.

The most striking feature in this system, and that which might almost be called its originality, is that the sun revolves on itself, from right to left, in a direction contrary to that taken by the hands of a watch, and that all the planets move round it, in the same direction, almost in the same plane or level, namely, that of the sun's equator, describing orbits very nearly circular.

Does it not seem as if all these bodies, great and small, had been put in motion by one vast gyratory impulse, and that the secondary systems of the earth, Mars, Jupiter, and the rest, are smaller eddies swimming in and carried along with the great original vortex or whirlpool? Such was Descartes' belief. If the solar system be not actually, at present, a vortex of the kind described, it must have been so constituted in the beginning, by a rotatory movement in the nebula which gave it birth.

The heavens exhibit here and there a great number of gigantic masses of matter in a state of excessive rarity, like a chaotic haze, without definite form, and with only just a sufficient degree of condensation to enable them to emit a feeble light. To distinguish them it requires generally a powerful telescope; with that they are to be found by thousands in the sky. They are the Nebulæ.

If you could by favor obtain admittance to an observatory some starlight night, you should, some days before-hand, inform your friend the astronomer that your desire at present is solely to examine the Nebulæ in different degrees of condensation.

Thus forewarned, your guide and instructor will select the strongly characterized objects, calculate their present positions, and prepare his most powerful instrument. Personally conducted, you will thus be enabled to take a most interesting journey through the heavens.

The nebula of Orion is seen to be far from clearly defined in form. One part of it can be distinguished as more brilliant than the rest; the condensation of chaotic matter being further advanced there than elsewhere. Otherwise its light is feeble. Long streams of matter are visible, whose destiny it is impossible to predict.

The nebula of Andromeda is one of the most remarkable objects in the heavens. It is already almost geometrical in shape, and its centre exhits a most decided concentration,

The nebula of the Lion consists of luminous circles or rings, in a quite advanced state of formation, like the rings or spirals of water spinning round in an eddy. The curious double nebulæ of the Virgin and Aquarius are evidently approaching their final transformation into stars.

There exists, in short, complete series of growths, beginning with a shapeless and slightly luminous mist, and ending in one or several suns, diversely associated. True we do not witness the actual progess of these transformations; but we follow the example of the botanist, who studies in a forest the successive degrees of developement of each species of tree.

Consequently, we are led to conclude that the formation of the universe is still being continued before our eyes. At first, we have the separation of nebulæ from out of a general chaos; and finally incandescent stars, or other smaller globes—the black stars already mentioned—which we do not see, because their formation has given rise to so little heat that their light is already extinguished.

Laplace's theory that the sun and all the planets have been formed out of one and the same nebula may now be taken to be accepted.

From the chaotic matter spread throughout celestial space attraction and grouping generated a gigantic mass. But all condensation caused by the meeting of particles, of matter and the destruction of their acquired velocity produces heat.

Those particles, by the mere fact of their meeting, became heated. Little by little the entire mass grew into a sphere of incandescent vapor.

We now know the mass of this our nebula, which in fact is the sum of all the heavenly bodies composing our solar system. If this total quantity of matter were equally distributed throughout a sphere whose primitive radius should be ten times the distance from the sun to the farthest known planet, Neptune, it would be found that every cubic mile of this chaos would contain no more solid matter than is to be found in, say, an English shilling.

The density of the chaos would be no more than two hundred and fifty million times less than that of air remaining in the vacuum of an air-pump.

How to Manage a Wife.—The following is a very old letter to the Prince of Wales by Artemus Ward, the showman: —"Friend Wales,—You remember me. I saw you in Canada a few years ago. I remember you too. I seldom forgit a person. I learn of your marriage to the Princess Alexandry, & ment ter writ you a congreetoolatory letter at the time, but I've bin bildin a barn this summer, & hain't had no time to write letters to folks. Excoose me. My object in now addressin you is to giv you sum advice, friend Wales, about managin your wife, a bisniss I've had over thirty years experience in. When I fust commenst trainin' her I institooted a series of experiments, and them as didn't work I abandin'd. You'd better do similer. Your wife may object to gettin' up and bildin' the fire in the mornin', but if you commence with her at once you may be able to overkum this prejoodice. I regret to observe that I didn't commence arly enuff. It was a rather cold mornin' when I fust proposed the idee to Betsy. It wasn't well received, and I found myself layin' on the floor putty suddent. I thought I'd git up and bild the fire myself. I never attempted to reorganize my wife but once, and I shall not attempt agin. I'd bin to a publicdinner, and had allowed myself to be betrayed into drinking several people's healths; and wishing to make them as robust as possible, I continuerd drinkin' their healths until my own became affected. Consekens was, I presented myself at Betsy's bedside late at night with consid'ble licker concealed about my person. I had somehow got perseshun of a hoss-whip on my way home, and rememberin' sum cranky observations of Mrs. Ward's in the mornin', I snapt the whip putty lively, and, in a very loud voice, I said, 'Betsy, you need reorganizin'! I have cum, Betsy,' I continued—crackin' the whip over the bed—'I have cum to reorganize you! Ha-ave you per-rayed to-nite?' * * I drem'd that night that sumbody had laid a hosawhip over me several times, and when I woke up I found certain she had. I hain't drunk much of any thin' since, and if ever I have another reorganizin' job on hand, I shall let it out. There's varis ways of managin' a wife, friend Wales, but the best and only safe way is to let her do jist about as she wants to. I 'dopted that there plan sum time ago, and it works like a charm. Remember me kindly to Mrs. Wales, and good luck to you both! As years roll by and accidents begin to happen to you—among which perhaps there will be Twins—you will agree with me that family joys air the only ones a man can bet on with any certainty of winnin'. It may interest you to know that I'm prosperin' in a pecoonery pint of view. I make 'bout as much in the course of a year as a Cab'net offisser does, and I unstan' my biznis a good deal better than some of 'em do.

"Respecks to St. George and the Dragon.

"A. Ward."

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

Mormonism has taken a considerable hold in New Zealand, mainly among the Maoris, the latest statistics showing the sect to have 3,176 members in the colony, of whom but 252 are Europeans. The annual conference was held recently, and hundreds of Maori members, including several leading chiefs, attended. Twenty Mormon elders are at present in New Zealand trying to spread the faith.

The Queen of Denmark is, after Queen Victoria, the most remarkable of European queens. Though she is nearly eighty, she still retains much of her youthful appearance and vigor. She was married in her fifty-fifth year. All her children are living, and every one of them has proved a credit to her. Her favorite child is the King of Greece, but her special affection for him, it is said, in no way lessens her fondness for the others.

An interesting statement has recently been made by the actuary of an insurance company. It appears from investigations which he has been making, that the oftener a man marries the greater is the difference in age between the wife and the widower. Usually, he says, a wife is barely three years younger than her husband; in the case of second wives the man is, in the average of cases, senior by nine years; while third wives are generally found to be the juniors of their partners by eighteen years.

Statistics are said to show that young men do not, on the average, attain full physical maturity until they arrive at the age of 28 years. Professor Scheiller, of Harvard, asserts, as the result of his observations, that young men do not attain to the full measure of their mental faculties before 25 years of age. A shrewd observer has said that "most men are boys until they are 30, and little boys until they are 25;" and this accords with the standard of manhood, which was fixed at 30 among the ancient Hebrews and other races.

There is a certain incongruity in a man standing in a lonely cemetery and reading an obituary notice of himself inscribed upon the tablets of a monument. Yet such was the experience of Lafayette Le Roy, who eight years ago left Saginaw, Michigan, to seek his fortune, a wife, two children and his parents mourning his departure. Nothing was heard of him except the shipment of his coat to his parents by a man, who claimed it was found hanging upon a bridge, with every evidence that its owner was drowned. The other morning Le Roy returned to his home and proved to his wife that he was her long lost husband.

The following chapter of misfortune came by despatch from Maltoon, Ills., on Tuesday: Paul Sowers, a prominent farmer living near this city, while cutting wheat was caught in the cycle and had his legs horribly mutilated. Tom Jones, a relative, cutting wheat in an adjoining field, left his 7-year-old son to watch the team while he went to see Sowers. During his absence the boy was thrown in front of the machine and had both arms cut off. At the time these accidents occured the mother of the boy was in town viewing the remains of a nephew who had committed suicide after shooting a girl who had jilted him.

An Atlanta paper is credited with having originated this story: "An old lady, living in Jackson county, who was possessed of a sitting hen, just hatching at the time, when she had occasion to go to Jefferson on urgent business, and, having no one to leave in charge at home, put the pipped eggs and hen in a box of hay and took them along with her on the train. Before she reached her destination the eggs all hatched, and she returned home next day with a fine brood of young chickens, which may boast of the distinction of having been hatched on a passenger train running at full speed."

The crowned heads of Europe seem to take a great deal of stock in life insurance. It is announced that the King of Portugal has just taken out a $200,000 policy on his life, but that is an insignificant investment compared with those of some of the other potentates. The late Emperor Frederick of Germany was insured for $4,000,000. The Queen Regent of Spain has her life insured for a large amount in behalf of her two little daughters, following the example of her husband, whose death mulcted the various companies in which he was insured for $5,000,000. King Leopold of Belgium's life is heavily insured, as is also that of Queen Victoria. The Queen's husband, the late Prince Consort, was insured for close upon $5,000,000, the income of which has been enjoyed by his widow. About the only sovereign in Europe who is not insured is the Czar of Russia, the companies regarding him as too unsafe a risk on account of the Nihilists.

The latest acquisition to New York civilization is a genuine Egyptian embalmer. He has sailed from the ancient land and will be here soon. His name is Shapiro, and he claims to be the lineal descendant of the man who mummified Seeti, I and his son Rameses II, so long ago that you can't count.

PATENTS

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Our Young Folks.

ALICE'S BRAVE DEED.

BY ELLIS WALTON.

"BUT we can't die for people now, because there are no wars to be killed in," observed Alice.

Mrs. Elwood, one winter's afternoon, had been reading to her little boy and girl, aged seven and six, a true story, as it was said, of a Scottish girl and boy, named Jean and Archie, who lived in the troublous time, in Scotland, when the Convenanters fought for their rights.

The brother and sister, orphans of a father who had died in the cause, by some means were in the midst of one of the Covenanter fights, and Jean, seeing a cruel soldier about to fire at Archie—he was but twelve, she thirteen—sprang in front of him, was shot instead of him, and died in poor terrified Archie's arms, as he caught her.

It was a sweet sad story, showing that brotherly and sisterly love was as strong and true in those far-off days as now.

"No, dears, not many of us may have to die for anyone now," said mamma, "but we can all live for someone."

"How, mamma—how do you mean?" inquired Alice.

"By forgetting self, and doing something kind for someone; smiling a smile, speaking a loving word, in fact making people around us the happier for our being among them," said mamma.

"But—but," faltered the little girl, "our names wouldn't be written in a book for doing that, like Jean's was."

"No, dear, but our lives would be written upon other people's lives, as it were—do you understand what I mean?"

"Yes, mamma, they would have happier faces, because someone kind was among them."

"Yes, Alice; heroines' names are not always written in books."

"What is a heroine, mamma?" asked Alice.

"A little girl who forgets self, and does a noble thing."

But now nurse came and claimed them for tea.

"Alice, dear, I want you to take a parcel for me to Mary Gray, and Bertie will go with you," said Mrs. Elwood, on the next afternoon, peeping in at the nursery door.

Alice was busy with her doll, tucked up in bed with a bad cold, as she fancied, and needing great care and nursing.

"Must I, mamma?" she began. "Yes, mamma, I will go," said the child, changing her tone and her answer.

So she let nurse put on her coat and hood, and danced away down the stairs. Bertie and the parcel were ready, mamma let them out, and they were away. It was a cold day, snow on the ground, and frost in the air.

"I tried to be a heroine when I left my poor doll, and came on mamma's errand," said Alice, as they trudged along.

"Pooh! carrying a parcel to Mary isn't being a heroine," scoffed Bertie.

"I tried to forget self, and please somebody else," said the child, with flushing cheeks; then they were silent, until they were at Mary's door.

"Now," said Bertie, "I'm going round to the lake, to see how Will and the skaters are getting on. If I shouldn't be back in time, you come and meet me—round by the copse, you know; but I shall be sure to be back." Then he knocked at the door, waited for Mary to open it, smiled, nodded, and ran off.

Mary and Mrs. Elwood's old nurse: she and Alice were soon chatting coolly by the fire, and Alice told her of Jean and Archie. "Yes, she was a brave girl," sighed the old woman; "but many such deeds are done as are not written in books. I myself thought once, when I was a bit of a girl, I was laying down my life for my brother Ben."

"How, Mary—how?" asked the little one.

"Well, Miss Alice, there isn't much to tell; but a bull rushed at us, in a field, as if he meant to kill us. So I pushed Ben behind me, and told him to run to a stile—no matter, so long as Ben was safe, I thought—and then faced the bull. I threw my sun-hood at him; you should have heard him bellow at it as, tossing it aside, he made at me. He tossed me with his horns once, then some men came and drove him away—and so I didn't die for Ben," and Mary's eyes filled with tears. "But see, dearie," and she drew up her sleeve, and showed a scar; "that's where his horn tore me."

Alice stroked the scarred arm, wondered when Bertie would come, and then thought she must go without him. So Mrs. Gray kissed her, opened the door, and watched her off—a little dark dot tripping along the snowy way.

The child's heart quaked a little as she went along the lonely way by the copse, where dark shadows were lurking, and the wind whispered hoarsely. But no Bertie did she meet, and when she reached the lake no Bertie was there, no big brother Will, no skaters—the lake was as quiet as if no boys had ever been skating there. A dark dismal sheet of ice it lay, with shadows creeping over it—shadows everywhere, for evening had come.

"Bertie!" cried the little girl, "Bertie!" as the wind wailed and sobbed; and she thought she heard him answer her on the other side of the lake, "Come to me."

No, it was only the echo of her own voice, she found, when she reached there; and when she called again, it sounded somewhere else.

She was too young to fear he had fallen through the ice—she was afraid he had been stolen, was lost; and, oh horror! she was afraid to stay there, afraid to go home all through the dark—she had never been out so late alone before.

"Oh, Bertie, I am afraid!" she wailed; and went creeping homeward, a poor little shadow of a child.

Not far had she gone when she stumbled over his hat and stick. What had happened—oh, what?

"Bertie, Bertie!" she screamed; and now a real voice answered her from the copse.

"Here I am, Alice; I've broken my leg—come to me."

Her fond little heart soon found him. He had left the skaters to go meet her at Mary's, thought he heard the cry of a hare in a snare, threw down his hat and stick to go and set it free, stepped on a piece of ice, fell down, and broke his leg—this was his story.

"Now what will you do?" said Alice, bending over him.

"You must go home and tell them."

"Oh! Bertie, I'm afraid; let me help you to walk." And she tugged him up, but he only fell back with a scream.

"Go home and tell them, Alice; I'm almost frozen—don't be a coward," he moaned.

A coward—and she wanted to be a heroine! Was the time come—her work to save poor, suffering, shivering Bertie's life?

"Yes, Bertie, I will go." She stopped and kissed him, and went bravely away—not far before she met two big shadows in the darkness—men's shadows, or men.

"Please, sir, my brother Bertie has broken his leg."

"Alice!" It was her father and Will come to look for them.

There, children, my tale is told. Bertie had only sprained his ankle—not broken his leg. But they called Alice a heroine all the same, for she had forgotten self in the darkness, and she tried to do what she could.

"FLOWERY" JOKES.—The Chinese have a jest-book, and its name is Siao li Siao. Here are a contemporary's translations of some of the jests. The reader will be struck by the similarity of many of them to Western jokes. A confirmed drunkard in his dreams imagined that he had found a cup of excellent toddy, and put it by fire to warm in order to bring its flavor out the better. But the moment that he attempted to taste the delicious draught he awoke. "Fool that I was," he cried, "why could I not have drunk it cold?"

A certain man had his portrait painted, and when it was finished the painter requested him to inquire of the passers-by what they thought of it in order that he might know how he had succeeded. The other agreed, and asked the first comer, "Do you think this picture like?" "The hat is extremely like," replied the would-be critic. He asked a similar question of a second stranger, who answered that the clothes seemed to be exactly reproduced. He was about to interrogate a third when the painter stopped him, and said, "The resemblance of the hat and clothes is of no importance. Ask the gentleman what he thinks of the face." The stranger hesitated a very long time; but at last, not being able to escape giving an answer, he replied, "The beard and the hair are first rate!"

A man of letters, reading late at night, became aware that a burglar was breaking through the wall of his house. He happened to have a tea-pot full of boiling water standing before the fire, and he took it, placing it by the side of the wall while he waited for the burglar. When the burglar had made an opening, he thrust his legs through first, whereupon the man of letters grasped them firmly and drenched them with boiling water. The burglar uttered a piercing cry and begged for mercy. But the other, continuing to pour out the water, replied gravely, "Only wait till I have emptied my tea-pot!"

THE QUEEN AND HER 'ORSES.—An interesting ceremony was the recent unveiling of the Queen's statue at Kensington. Princess Louise was the sculptor, and she depicted her royal mother as she was at the time of her accession to the Throne. "We arrived on the scene at least an hour too soon," writes "Madge" in Truth, "and amused ourselves with listening to the conversation of those around us. The people insisted on calling the Union Jack that draped the statue 'tarpaulin,' pronouncing it 'tarpauling.' The popular impression seemed to be that Princess Louise had executed the work in the open, on the spot where the statue now stands. One woman said, 'She must 'a' bin very quick about it, for I passed here a few days ago, and there was nothing to be seen.' They had then a long talk about the Queen, one telling the other that her Majesty is the richest woman in the world, and the other replying that, even if she were, she is also the most worried. 'Just to think of it!' she remarked. 'Think of what our worries is with our 'usbands and 'ouse and children; and the Queen has every one of us to worry over, besides all her palaces and ships and army, and her foreign countries that she has to regulate!' This seemed too vast and troublesome a thought for the younger woman to entertain, and she caused a lively diversion by asking, 'Did you ever know that the Queen's 'orses has false tails? I know a lady,' she added, 'as knows that the gentleman as fastens 'em on.' She seemed anxious not to appear too proud of this acquaintance, adding, in a deprecating spirit of humility, 'But I dessay you knowed it afore.' To this the older woman civilly but decidedly intimated that she did not feel quite sure of it even now. 'If ever a lady could be sure of 'avin' real tails to her 'osses, surely the Queen of England could!' she said; and, as she appeared to take it as a personal matter, and we did not know what might happen if the ladies became excited, we tore ourselves away from their vicinity, having immensely enjoyed their conversation."

ANIMAL APPRECIATION OF MELODY.—The singing of birds implies a certain appreciation of melody. Indeed, many of them do not confine themselves to the songs of their species, but learn notes from other birds, and snatches of tunes from musical instruments.

Canaries, linnets, and other songsters may be taught a variety of airs by hearing them played or whistled to them repeatedly, and thrushes have been known to reproduce a portion of an opera. They listen with attention and imitate the strains that take the fancy. If harmony or the concord of sweet sounds, as distinguished from melody or the simple succession of sweet sounds, does not enter into bird music, the same may be said of the music of primitive man and of all early nations. Savages, like feathered songsters, sing in unison, but not in accord.

Not only do some species of monkeys, like the chimpanzees, sometimes get up concerts of their own in the depths of the forest, but dogs, which are generally supposed to be decidedly unmusical, also discriminate between tunes and express their preferences or aversions in an unmistakable manner. Who has not heard a dog howling at a German band?

A friend of the writer, who had a magnificent St. Bernard dog, was fond of playing the violoncello. The dog used to lie quietly in the room with closed eyes, and appeared to pay no attention to the music until his master struck up a certain tune, when the dog immediately and invariably sat up on its haunches and began to howl.

If the tune that called forth such emotions had been written in a very high key or characterised by shrill tones or harsh dissonances, the conduct of the dog might be easily explained. But there was nothing in this piece more than in any other, so far as any one could observe, that ought to have grated on the canine ear.

"ONE deplorable result of excessive meat eating," says the London Hospital, "is the ill-temper, which is said to be a chronic complaint in England. In less meat-eating France urbanity is the rule; in fish and rice-eating Japan harsh words are unknown and an exquisite politeness to one another prevails, even among the children who play together in the streets."

THE WORLD'S HAPPENINGS.

A 5-cent restaurant for women has been opened in Boston.

A New York policeman is under arrest charged with being a chicken thief.

Ten days a year is the average amount of sickness in human life, statistics say.

Indian fakirs are able to impersonate death as long as six and even ten months.

Mrs. Lucinda Perry, of Tipton, Mo., has married a widower with nineteen children.

Cigar ashes are used for medicinal purposes, and are especially efficacious in scarletina.

A two-headed calf is a monstrosity on the farm of a Mr. Schneider, of Brillion, Wisconsin.

The Arabs think infinitely more of the pedigree of their horses than of their own families.

In some parts of Australia earthworms grow to a length of six feet, and are three inches in diameter.

The owl's wise look is the result of a physiological oddity—his eyes being fixed immovably in their sockets.

A pig with 8 legs, every one of which is used in walking, is the boast of a farmer living near Menominee, Mich.

There are 1200 Cherokee Indians in North Carolina. They own 74,000 acres of land and have four Government schools.

All the vehicles belonging to the Vanderbilt family are black, with maroon body, the spokes of the wheels being shot with red.

Prof. Garner, who has been investigating the supposed monkey language, says that gorillas do not converse with chimpanzees.

Waiters in the leading New York restaurants are complaining of the scarcity of tips this season. Barbers also report a lack of extra fees.

Altoona, Wis., lays claim to the champion high kicker of the world. His name is W. S. Stokes, and he has a record of ten feet six inches.

A. M. Barber, a teacher in the Congregational Church at Rouldock, Colorado, has taught his class regularly for 25 years, not missing a single Sunday.

The initial step towards the formation of a club for both men and women was taken at a meeting of both sexes in Wilmington, Del., on a recent evening.

Professor Edward Orton, the Ohio geologist, says that it would take 1000 years to exhaust Ohio's coal fields if 25,000,000 tons should be mined every year.

So great is the echo in one of the rooms of the Pantheon that the striking together of the palms of the hands is said to make a noise equal to that of a 12-pound cannon.

Many years ago Engineer Allan, while employed on the Canadian Pacific Railroad, gave $5 to a needy actor. The actor died recently and is said to have left $50,000 to Allan.

The ordinary folding fan is supposed to have been invented in Japan, in the seventh century, by a native artist, who derived the idea from the way in which the bat closes its wings.

The State of Michigan is said to produce more than one-half of all the oil of peppermint, spearmint and tansy used in the entire world. St. Joseph county is the centre of this industry.

English people have developed a perfect mania for revolver shooting, and numerous clubs have been formed all over the United Kingdom for the practice and pursuit of this branch of sport.

The policy of protecting the deer in the Maine woods by a rigorous close season is said to be resulting in an unexpected return of wolves to their old haunts as well as in an increase of the deer.

Detectives in Great Britain do not appear to be very sharp, as of the 1766 murders committed in England and Wales during the ten years ending with 1896 but 672 of the assassins were captured.

For the third time Thomas Courtney and Rebecca F. Stivers, of Montgomery, Indiana, are man and wife. Their first marriage occurred two years ago, and since that time they have been twice divorced.

Private executions, it is said, are conducted in the following eight countries: In Bavaria, by hanging; Brunswick, ax; Hanover, guillotine; Prussia, sword; Saxony, guillotine; Switzerland, in two cantons, guillotine; United Kingdom, hanging, and the United States, hanging.

A curious story has just been told by a reliable traveling man who lives at Alton, Ill., of a strange find made lately at Gillespie, on the line of the Big Four Railroad. Scraps of greenbacks had been picked up along the track, and, being followed up, a large amount was found, the bills torn and twisted. The pieces were picked up from the coal shaft west of the town and as far east as Clyde, until from $400 to $500 have been recovered.

IF THERE BE.

BY W. W. LONG.

If there be love in the world to come,
From the silence that growns us here,
Then shall the lone heart wake to joy
In the glad, sweet love of that other sphere.

That which was lost to us, darling, here,
That radiant something incomplete,
Over there in the land of the sun,
To new life will greet us tender and sweet.

ABOUT LAMP OILS.

We frequently speak of mineral oil as if it were a new discovery. This is only partially accurate. It is certain that its properties were known in the days of Miltiades (490 B. C.); and it is conjectured that it was largely used in times much more remote.

In Persia it was employed in the temples of the fire-worshippers and the palaces of the wealthy. Large quantities were sent to distant countries, and an export tax imposed, from which the Government derived a considerable revenue. The legend of the fire which came down from heaven and lit the altars of the Zoroastrians probably had its origin in the discovery of a naphtha spring.

But it is only during the last forty years that the development of the trade in petroleum or rock-oil has taken place. In 1847 the late Dr. Young ("Paraffin Young" he was familiarly called) had his attention drawn to a curious liquid exuding from the ground at Alfreton, Derby, England. He distilled a portion, and obtained an oil suitable for burning in lamps. The supply was soon exhausted; but the experiment he had made led him to believe that a similar product could be obtained from the distillation of coal.

A few years later he experimented with a rich gas-coal found near Bathgate. He was successful. It was afterwards proved that other chemists had preceded him; but he was undoubtedly the first to construct apparatus for the manufacture of oil on a commercial scale. In course of time, shale, which had been often met with, but was looked upon as a mineral of no value, was used in place of coal. Since then, the industry has increased by leaps and bounds, and has now become one of the most important in the country.

In 1859 petroleum was discovered in America and Canada. It was obtained in liquid form by boring. Some of the wells were extraordinarily prolific, the oil rushing into the air in a stream so powerful as to defy the control of those engaged in searching for it. One illustration may be given. While drillers were at work, an unexpectedly strong rush of oil occurred. In vain they endeavored to stem the torrent, which shot into the air in a solid column forty feet high. Every light was promptly extinguished save one, four hundred feet distant, from which no danger was apprehended; but the spirit or benzine, which is always present in crude petroleum, was ignited, and immediately converted the column into a roaring pillar of fire. An appalling catastrophe was the result. Every one within a certain radius was literally burned up. The owner of the well was by the explosion thrown a distance of twenty feet. He was with difficulty rescued, but only lived a few hours.

The experience of thirty years in the oil districts has taught drillers how to deal with gushing wells; and accidents which were frequent in the early days of the trade are now scarcely known. In the process of refining, the light inflammable spirit is removed and Lamp Oil thereby rendered comparatively safe. As the temperature of oil in this country could not under normal conditions reach one hundred degrees Fahrenheit, the risk of explosion is not great.

Thirty-two years ago oil was "struck" in Pennsylvania. The output was two thousand barrels. In the following year the quantity had increased to five hundred thousand barrels; and a year later to over two million barrels. In 1862 Canada became a producing country with a contribution of nearly twelve thousand barrels. Until about 1870, drilling operations in the country were confined to New York and Pennsylvania, and the output from the wells was five and a quarter million barrels. West Virginia, Ohio, and California then entered the lists; but there is not any reliable information as to output. The combined production from these sources was probably from one hundred and fifty thousand to two hundred thousand barrels yearly. Down to 1882 there was a steady increase in the supply of oil. That year the output from the Pennsylvania and New York wells reached the gigantic total of thirty million barrels, or a daily average of 82,303.

It was the culminating point in the history of the trade. The decline was rapid; and in 1888 production had fallen to seventeen million barrels. To many it seemed that the days of American supremacy as an oil-producing country were at an end.

Meanwhile, mineral oil had found its way into every European country, and by its superior illuminating power had driven off the field the more costly animal and vegetable oils which, outside large towns, had been in universal use. It had even become a formidable rival to gas, which owes its survival to the ease with which it can be lit. The trouble connected with the filling of lamps and the trimming of wicks is the only reason which has prevented mineral oil from supplanting gas everywhere.

In order to meet the increasing demand of the world for lamp oil, large quantities of petroleum had to be taken from the accumulated stocks held by the pipe-lines. In January 1883 these amounted to thirty-five million barrels. At the close of 1889 they were eleven and a half million barrels, or less than one-third. In 1890 there was a change in the position. The drilling area was enlarged and important additions made to output. The average daily production, which in 1888 had declined to 46,700 barrels, rapidly increased until it touched eighty thousand barrels. This largely arrested the continuous drain upon stocks, although down to the close of last year the daily supply was never quite equal to the demand.

Grains of Gold.

The noblest mind the best contentment has.

The pure refreshments of life are the moral and intellectual.

Keep in a good humor with the future—it never did you any harm.

You will soon become poor in earnest if you try to keep all you get.

Good will, like a good name, is got by many actions, and lost by one.

A man's opinions are usually of much more value than his arguments.

Benevolence without love has no more heart in it than an auction block.

Don't fool with sin. Whoever plays with knives will sooner or later get cut.

A lie always has a dagger in its hand, no matter how well meaning it may look.

As much hate can sometimes be put into a word as can be fired out of a musket.

If no drunkard can go to heaven, what is to become of the drunkard maker?

If the old world likes you right well, it is a sure sign that you are like the world.

Walk boldly and wisely in the light thou hast; there is a hand above will help thee on.

Some men are bound in the devil's ropes because they didn't try to break his threads.

The repentance practiced before a sin is committed is the kind that needeth not to be repented of.

Repentance without restitution is like an old stopper shoved into a bottle. It stops on the wrong side.

Excess of grief for the dead is madness; for it is an injury to the living, and the dead knows it not.

Femininities.

The discontented woman finds no easy-chair.

Mrs. Austin, the Mayor of Pleasanton, Kan., holds down the official chair with 200 pounds avoirdupois.

The Legislature of Alabama has voted to admit girls to the State University, but not one has yet applied.

Mrs. Susan Bright, of Cheyenne county, who is 105 years old, is reputed to be the oldest in Western Kansas.

The most useful insect is the silk worm. It is estimated that 5,000,000 persons gain a livelihood by raising the worms.

This inscription appears in a Wisconsin cemetery, over the grave of a woman, written by her husband: "Tears cannot restore thee, therefore I weep."

The Crown Princess of Roumania inherits the taste of her grandmother, the late Empress of Russia, for perfumery bottles. She already possesses a large collection of them.

She: "I don't know what I should do if I thought you were marrying me for my money." He: "Then, darling, don't think of it. I'm sure it will be ever so much pleasanter for us both if you don't."

The marriage laws in Australia are becoming quite strict. A marriage there has been declared void because the bride had deceived the husband by stating that she was fifteen years younger than her age.

The police authorities of Baltimore are in receipt of a communication from John Mobley, of North Carolina, asking if there is a young woman in the prisons of that city who can be released by marrying him.

The versatility of mind and the ease of manners which a free and social life develops in American women appear in strong contrast with the results of the more formal education which is often seen in Europe.

"Oh, sir, please, I have swallowed a pin!" exclaimed a servant-girl, running into her master's surgery. "Never mind, Mary," he replied, deep in study—"never mind; here's another"—drawing one from his pincushion.

The number of women writers, editors and journalists in the United Kingdom is very much smaller than one might expect—only 600, as against 5111 men. There are 14 women journalists between the ages of fifteen and twenty, 186 between thirty-five and forty-five, and 20 above sixty-five.

Two female Socialist orators have been sentenced to imprisonment in Vienna. Fraulein Glass is a comely young woman of 20. She looked very enthusiastic in a sailor hat, her hair blown about her face by the wind. Amelia Riba is younger still—not more than 18—and by her firmness caused 800 factory girls to strike for six weeks.

It was in a large department store that a gilded youth drifted up to the candy counter. "Do you know," he said to the pretty young woman in charge, "if I were the proprietor of this establishment I should dismiss you!" "Why?" she asked indignantly. "In order to give the candy a chance," he answered. And she gave him a pound and a quarter of seventy-five cent candy for fifty cents.

In one of the best-known gymnasiums for women in this country the resident physician said in a recent interview: "Dust is almost as much out of place here as it would be in the dissecting room. I am eagle-eyed for its appearance, and I am proud to say that the furniture is hand-dusted—that is, with a cloth. To the best of my knowledge and belief a feather duster has never found admission here."

Children should be trained to eat slowly, no matter how hungry or what important business is pressing. Much safer a little food well ground than a hearty meal swallowed in haste. Cold food is even more difficult to digest than hot, if taken too rapidly. The normal temperature of the stomach is about 98 degrees; food has to be raised to this temperature before digestion can take place.

That it's never too late to learn or to reform is illustrated by these recent happenings: A woman in Jasper county, Mo., over 80 years old, joined the church last week; in Oswego, Kan., a woman nearly 70 years of age has just entered a music school and is taking her first lessons in that art; in Milwaukee, Jacob Junk, aged 83, is prosecuting a suit for divorce against his wife, and in Washington, D. C., a negro, who had lived peacefully through nearly ninety-seven years, was assaulted last week and beaten so that he died.

A Saco, Me., woman has a cat that she values highly, indeed, that she has good reason for prizing far above her husband, if a story told of the family be true. The woman keeps the three in food by taking in washing, but she draws the line at furnishing her worse half with drinks. So the other day he stole the cat and announced his determination not to bring it back until his wife gave him $50 for it. Her friends advised her to let the cat go, but pity for her pet at last induced her to comply with the terms. Now if somebody would only do her the favor to steal her husband! But probably no one's imagination is strong enough to induce the belief that anybody would give even 50 cents to get him back.

Masculinities.

Of course a bright girl ought to have a spark of humor.

Mgr. Satolli's fad is to have singing birds all over his house.

Tobacco was so called from the West Indian island of Tobago.

Inconstancy is sometimes due to levity of mind, but oftener to satiety.

He who lives only to benefit himself confers on the world a benefit when he dies.

The right kind of a man can always learn something worth knowing from a mistake.

The late Lord Lovelace, who died recently, had ignored all animal meat for many years.

The man who thinks the boy who lives next door to him is a good boy has not yet been found.

Women talk for the sake of telling what they know; men talk to draw out what others know.

To the end of the world the most delightful people will be those who mind their own business.

When a woman becomes flurried she feels for a fan; when a man becomes flurried he feels for a cigar.

The Trans-Siberian Railroad, begun in 1891, is expected to be completed in 1900. The line will be 3600 miles long.

Mrs. Sharp: "A man always makes a fool of himself for a woman."
Bachelor: "How? By marrying her?"

Richardson's "Clarissa Harlowe," which contains more than one million words, is believed to be the longest novel in the English language.

Judge J. T. Dalvin, of Siloam, Georgia, who has married over 150 couples, says that he never received a single fee, save a bushel of potatoes.

The Kingston, Ontario, School Board has adopted a system by which it will provide, free to the pupils, paper, pens, pencils and scribbling books.

"Why was their engagement broken off? Did they quarrel?" "No; that was the trouble. They were both so amiable that they got tired of each other.

It is by imitation far more than by precept that we learn everything; and what we learn thus, we acquire not only more effectually, but more pleasantly.

Waiter, to happy-looking customer: "Well, sir, what is it?" Happy-looking customer, spontaneously: "Boy—eight-pounder—finest in the land! Looks like me, too."

Five-year-old: "I wonder why babies is always born in de night time?" Seven-year-old: "Don't you know? It's cos' they wants to make sure of findin' their mothers at home."

Count William Bismarck, son of the veteran ex-Chancellor, amuses himself by lighting his cigars with threatening letters which he receives every day from German Anarchists.

"I'm an unlucky devil," cried the editor. "What's up now?" "Nothing; only I was thinking that if money grew on trees, I'd be sure to catch the rheumatism and wouldn't be able to climb!"

Wife: "Can you let me have some money, dear? I am going shopping."
Husband: "Great heavens, Maria! you'll ruin me."
Wife, calmly: "All I want is 10 cents for car fare."

Jack: "I don't see why you keep me so long in suspense, Clara! Can't you say yes or no right out?"
Clara: "Oh, you just wait until we're married, and you'll find I can speak out quick enough."

Two old slaves, John Thompson, aged 85 years, and Kitty Owens, 70 years old, were married at Louisville, recently. They were lovers previous to the war, but from that time until a short time ago they had not seen each other.

William Green bears the distinction of being the greatest steeple climber in England. He has repaired 50 or more steeples and spires, and is sent for from all parts of the kingdom. His greatest achievement has been in repairing the spire of Salisbury Cathedral, which is over 400 feet high.

The original of Barnaby Rudge, a man named Walter de Brisac, who was a packman or peddler by trade, recently died in Chatham, England. Dickens used to talk to him when he met him in Chatham, and was struck by his cleverness and story. He always dressed in the costume of a man of the Georgian period.

Oscar Wilde's reply to an invitation to become a member in a club formed to battle with the ill superstition is very much like him. "But I love superstitions," he says. "They are the color element of thought and imagination. They are the opponents of common sense. Common-sense is the enemy of romance. The aim of your society seems to be dreadful. Leave us some reality. Don't let us be too offensively sane."

LATEST FASHION PHASES.

In spring and summer garniture a long range of new trimmings have fringes formed of bunches of spear beads of jet clustered together, and some of the drops are shaped like fans, larger than spear heads. Tassels of these play an all important part, and deep fringes are used.

The trimmings, which follow the idea of the circular cuttings, are sometimes crocheted with cord and jet. Moire ribbons and galons are a dominant idea, these being often worked in designs with sequins or smaller paillettes. Some of the wider makes of such ribbons have fringes falling from the edge. An extremely pretty novelty is a light make of lace worked all over with jet, pleated with a narrow jet galon down the centre, ready for trimming capes and mantles. Occasionally leaves of jet are laid on the pleats of lace; sometimes there is only one row with a jet heading, but often the lace is joined down the centre, and covered with jet, the ornamental border of the lace showing at each edge. Then, again, this class of trimming is diversified with deep fringes and deep vandykes of jet.

The round cut frills of net vary in width according to the purpose for which they are needed, and are worked all over with jet paillettes, or often with iridescent green—green and black being the height of the fashion. They areoften fringed atthe edges.

Fine muslin embroidered bands are the groundwork of some of the most exquisite trimmings of the year for gowns and mantles. They frequently have a double foundation, the white or ecru embroidery being laid on a gold canvas, and then worked with black and turquoise, gold and black, pink or green and black. Ecru guipures in deep vandykes are also worked all over, either with jet or iridescent beads, and can hardly be rivaled as trimming for an opera cape. Tinsel threads make a great effect on the guipure and on the white or ecru embroidery, with its backing of gold canvas, and the insertions with green, gold, and combined are exquisite. Some of the designs are mediæval in their richness of color. White lace insertion forms the heading to bunches of jet paillettes and sequins of various shapes, alternating with perpendicular strips of insertion falling downwards and mitred at the ends.

Some of the deep vandyked guipure laces are worked all over with interlaced patterns in a multicolored cord, or with beads tinted; while in other examples rows of ecru embroidery appear to be kept in place with jet, the white and black being a capital contrast.

Bordon laces are the most fashionable in Paris; they have a wired cord, and the patterns are geometrical rather than floral. They are used for flounces in three widths, and for mantles. Chantilly with weird grounds and much jet embroidery upon it is also used, and check nets, such as hitherto we have only associated with veilings, have been worked with jet over moire or silk, and are to be used greatly for yokes to dresses and mantles. Flouncings are now sold gathered to their headings in wide and narrow widths, so that there is no question as to the amount to use in the fullness.

We have accustomed ourselves to frills and capes made of materials that are cut on the round, so that they do not require to be gathered. Now this idea has been adapted to the tulle embroideries, worked with paillettes and sequins, and to many laces. What a saving of trouble this implies, for such trimmings are ready to put on the skirt or bodice. Jet sequin fringes are to be universally worn, and sequin galons of every width, the sequins sewn flat to the foundations.

Beurre—butter color—lace frills, having a neat jet heading and dotted with single beads or tiny designs, only arrived this week, and, like many of the foreign actresses, already "love America," as they have been warmly welcomed by the few buyers privileged to see them. Jet bead and sprangle fringes are 1½ to 2½ inches wide and are for millinery, wrap and dress purposes. These are remarkably pretty on the edges of large hats. Net foundations are all of the lace doubled, making a wearable trimming.

One to four rows of jet spangles are used as bands, with bead edgings. Saw patterns of spangles are very effectively applied to a fine jet bead background. Lattice-work insertions of fine cut jet beads have a spangle in each opening, making the bands suitable to use over a band of colored ribbon or the material. Fence patterns of jet remind one of the cross fences in Indiana, though this design takes in more States than the one mentioned.

Now is a good time to get out the children's last summer dresses, look them over and see how many of them will do for the next summer's campaign, and how many new ones will be needed. There are already plenty of cheap summer goods in the market suitable for school dresses.

A very pretty design has a round waist with a standing collar on which the assimilated pleat alluded to above crosses a neat and somewhat full ruffle on the middle of the front and which extends over the shoulders. The large sleeves have a single large puff casing at the shoulder above long coat-sleeves. The skirt is gathered on full and at the back it is very full, as is now the fashion, a mode used in order to throw as much fullness at the sides as possible. The gown has no garniture except the ruffling, which is displayed in a picture of worked muslin. As regards material, all the spring novelty goods in woolens of light weight are available and pretty for such a gown as the above described, and also challie, while cotton materials, hopsacking and diagonal serge are also available.

Odds and Ends.

ON A VARIETY OF SUBJECTS.

Portuguese Rice.—Swell some well-washed and dried rice in plenty of milk, then add sugar to taste, and let it cook gently till the milk is all but absorbed, when a couple of ounces of roughly-chopped almonds or cocoanut should be mixed in. Dish the rice in soup-plates, shaking these till the rice lies level; sprinkle it with either cinnamon or grated nutmeg, and serve with—or without—thick cream or new milk.

Roast Beef.—To flavor and make tender a joint of roast beef and to give variety to the family table where beef is the meat often eaten, nothing more is required than a large lemon. Cut it into two pieces, squeeze all the juice upon the meat, then, after peeling the lemon, roll it up in the joint—ribs of beef, etc. When the lemon is used, no water is required. The joint should be a fat piece of meat, to ensure good gravy, the lemon acid removing the oily taste sometimes objected to.

"Twice Laid."—Soak some dry salted cod-fish for twelve hours, then boil in plenty of water until it is quite tender, drain, remove all skin and bone, and divide the fish into small pieces. Place sufficient in a pie-dish to cover the bottom to the thickness of half an inch, season it with pepper and salt, and on the top arrange some slices of hard-boiled egg, a little finely chopped parsley, and a little eschalot or onion very finely minced. Then arrange some nicely-mashed potato on the fish, and over the potato pour some salad-oil, which should be as fresh as possible; fill the pie-dish with the fish, etc., and potatoes in layers—the potato should be the last layer; then bake in a fairy quick oven for about half an hour. When baked sufficiently, the top should be a nice brown.

To Serve Cheese.—Here is a new way to serve cheese which makes a nice little supper dish. Make some puff paste, roll it out and cut it into squares of about three inches. Beat up the yolks of two eggs, add a little made mustard, a dash of cayenne pepper and two tablespoonfuls of grated Parmesan cheese, to form a thick paste; place a spoonful of this mixture in the centre of each square, pull the four points into the centre, pinching them together to make them stand up. Bake for ten minutes, arrange on a napkin and serve very hot.

To Prevent Spotting.—A teaspoonful of black pepper will prevent gray or buff linens from spotting, if stirred into the first water in which they are washed. It will also prevent the colors running, when washing black or colored cambrics or muslins, and the water is not injured by it, but just as soft as before the pepper was put in.

To Prevent Lumps in Starch.—To keep flour starch from lumping, mix the flour with water first, then remove the boiling water from the fire for a minute before stirring in the mixture, or it will cook into lumps before it reaches the bottom. It is well to remember this in making gruel, cornstarch, etc.

Windows which have broad sills can be utilized as book shelves, places for the family work basket or for writing materials, and in small rooms they prove useful spaces.

Crude oil is an excellent polisher and cleanser for both floors and furniture of all sorts except highly-finished wood such as mahogany, or bird's eye maple.

Rugs, when in need of shaking, should be hung on a line in the open air and carefully beaten with a whipper bought for that purpose.

Potatoes should be kept in barrels, while other vegetables should be placed on hanging shelves in a cellar that is cool and airy.

China trays are popular for handing tea from a teakettle. They should match the color scheme of cups and saucers.

To keep oranges and lemons in perfection, hang them in a wire net in a cool and airy place.

Nothing succeeds in removing coughs and colds like Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

Do you want to laugh? get that inimitable book "Samantha at Saratoga" and you can't help laughing. In that book "Josiah Allen's Wife," in a vein of strong common sense, yet pure and innocent as a child, keeps the reader crammed with the sharpest hits and funniest observations spiced with stinging sarcasm and flavored with sound moral lessons, as she takes off, in her inimitable, mirth-provoking style, the Follies, Flirtations, Pug Dogs, Low-Neck Dressing, Water Craze, Josiah's Perversities, Tobogganing, Roller-Skating, and a thousand other curious things that one of her keen sense of the humorous discovers in That World of Gayety at Saratoga. It is indeed the funniest book yet. See offer on another page.

WHAT WAS THE ORIGIN OF THE TEA PLANT.—There is a strange Chinese legend concerning the tea plant. According to the story, there once lived a very pious hermit, who passed the greater part of his time in prayer and vigils.

He was, however, unable to keep awake as long as he wished, and often found his eyes closing while he was in the very midst of his devotions.

This naturally annoyed him, and one day, in a fit of wrath against this weakness of the flesh which he seemed unable to overcome, he cut off the offending eyelids and cast them upon the ground.

But his action had been observed by a god, who immediately caused a tea shrub to spring up from the spot where the eyelids had fallen.

It is in reference to this, that the leaves of the tea plant are shaped like eyelids, fringed with lashes, and possess the power of warding off sleep.

A CURE FOR INFLUENZA.—A correspondent of a daily newspaper—a former medical missionary—gives the following prescription for the treatment of influenza. He states that it is effectual in even the worst cases, and that he has cured himself of the malady in forty-eight hours. A frequent use of cinnamon freshly grated—half a teaspoonful for a dose—in a little warm milk, together with a plentiful supply of oranges, or marmalade when oranges are unobtainable, and some hours after, the head being clear and the temperature having diminished, a dose of quinine—three grains—repeat twice a day in orange juice, or lime juice (the most pleasant way of taking it), daily until convalescence. The writer adds that, when influenza is in his house he just chews a bit of cinnamon and does not suffer, though others may be attacked.

Oka Takahashi Ryozabaro published a card in a Japanese paper at Sindai recently setting forth that he had become convinced that wine drinking was a ruinous habit, and giving due notice that he would drink only when invited by others to do so at their expense.

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—AND—

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It was the first and is the only Pain remedy that instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays inflammation and

CURES

Congestions, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels or other glands or organs.

ASHEVILLE, N. C.

This is to certify that in February, 1890, I had a severe attack of "La Grippe" and cured myself in twenty-four hours by the use of Radway's Ready Relief and Radway's Pills. I had another attack of the same dreadful disease in March, 1891, and used the same remedy with the same result. I do not know Radway & Co., the parties who manufacture these medicines, and I have always put very little faith in "Almanac Certificates," but if these few lines will only induce some suffering one to use the above remedy I will feel amply repaid for writing what I have. Respectfully,

E. L. BROWN.

J. W. BREWER, Ashburn, Pike Co., Mo.—"One bottle of Ready Relief and one box of Radway's Pills cured five in my family of that terrible complaint, 'La Grippe,' or Influenza."

W. THISTLE, Lowestoft, Suffolk, England—"I thank God and you for your Ready Relief and Pills, which have cured me completely of La Grippe."

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF aided by RADWAY'S PILLS is the quickest and most effectual cure for

THE "GRIP."

Fifty cents per bottle. Sold by Druggists.

RADWAY'S Sarsaparillian Resolvent,

THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER.

A remedy composed of ingredients of extraordinary medical properties, essential to purify, heal, repair and invigorate the broken down and wasted body. Quick, pleasant, safe and permanent in its treatment and cure

For the Cure of Chronic Disease, Scrofulous, Hereditary or Contagious.

Not only does the Sarsaparilla Resolvent excel all remedial agents in the cure of Chronic, Scrofulous, Constitutional and Skin Diseases, but it is the only positive cure for

KIDNEY AND BLADDER COMPLAINTS,

Urinary and Womb Diseases, Gravel, Diabetes, Dropsy, Stoppage of Water, Incontinence of Urine, Bright's Disease, Albuminuria, and all cases where there are brick dust deposits, or the water is thick, cloudy, mixed with substances like the white of an egg, or threads like white silk, or there is a morbid, dark, bilious appearance, and white bonedust deposits, and when there is a pricking, burning sensation when passing water, and pain in the small of the back and along the loins. Sold by all druggists. Price, One Dollar.

RADWAY'S PILLS,

Purely vegetable, mild and reliable. Cause Perfect Digestion, complete absorption and healthful regularity. For the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Constipation, Costiveness.

Loss of Appetite,
Sick Headache,
Indigestion,
Biliousness,
Constipation,
Dyspepsia.

Observe the following symptoms resulting from diseases of the digestive organs: Constipation, inward piles, fullness of blood in the head, acidity of the stomach, nausea, heartburn, disgust of food, fullness or weight of the stomach, sour eructations, sinking or fluttering of the heart, choking or suffocating sensations when in a lying posture, dimness of vision, dots or webs before the sight, fever and dull pain in the head, deficiency of perspiration, yellowness of the skin and eyes, pain in the side, chest, limbs, and sudden flushes of heat, burning in the flesh.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all the above-named disorders.

Price 25c per Box. Sold by druggists.

Send to DR. RADWAY & CO., No. 32 Warren St., New York, for Book of Advice.

Recent Book Issues.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

The complete novel in the March number of "Lippincott's" is "A Desert Claim," by Mary E. Stickney. It is a charming tale of ranch life in Northern Colorado. Other interesting matter is the serial "The Trespasser." "The Inmate of the Dungeon," by W. C. Morrow; Joel Chandler Harris' "The Late Mr. Watkins of Georgia, His Relation to Oriental Folk-Lore;" "A Prophet of the New Womanhood," and "The Training of the Saddle-Horse," by John Gilmer Speed, are all up to its high standard. The poetry of the number is by Anna Robeson Brown and John James Meehan. Published in this city.

"The Popular Science Monthly" for March has the following contents: "Abolish All Prohibitive Liquor Laws," "Industries of Animals," "The Origin of Right-Handedness," "Fossil Man," "Professor Tyndall," "The European Law of Torture," "Customs and Superstitions of the Mayas," "Biology and Ethics," "The Action of Massage upon the Muscles," "The Ice Age and its Work," "The Founder of the first Scientific Journal," "Sketch of Jean Martin Charcot," Editor's Table, Literary Notices, Popular Miscellany and Notes. Published at New York.

The March issue of "St. Nicholas" is like a modern army—not a few paladins and an accompanying rabble, but a congregation of effective units, with an officer where needed. Every article can look the juvenile or adult world square in the face and give a reason for its being. Among them are "Mothering Sunday," "Owney, of the Mail-Bags," "A Man-o'-War's Menagerie." Dr. Eastman continues his fascinating revelations of Indian boy life and Gustav Kobbe tells in his usual bright, accurate way the experiences of "A Boy Whaler." Children who love the Brownies will be delighted to learn that they are to be seen in a play, a portion of which will be printed in this number of the magazine. Published at New York.

The March number of "Cassell's Family Magazine" presents its usual quota of choice reading, comprising fiction, sketches of travel, and miscellaneous matters. Besides instalments of two bright serials, there are three complete stories. Among other articles are the following: "Gardening," "Disappointments as a Cause of Ill-Health," "Washable Gold Embroidery," "What to Wear," music, poetry, etc. Nearly all the articles are illustrated. The Cassell Publishing Co., New York.

The March number of "The Quiver" is well supplied with Sunday and general reading. Two excellent serial stories are continued, and there are three complete stories. Among the illustrated articles are "Martin Luther's Wedding Ring," "That Peaceful Time," "Harbors of Refuge," "The Two Crowns" and "Art and the East-Enders." Several unillustrated papers, a new hymn tune, "Short Arrows," etc., fill out the number. Cassell Publishing Co., New York.

EDUCATION OF A CHEF.—The making of a man cook in France is a lengthy and tedious process. A young man, when he decides to pursue a culinary career, selects his nominal instructor, to whom he pays a sum equivalent to $6.

The aspirant is first assigned to the vegetable cook, who teaches him how to prepare the raw materials. When he has mastered this he is initiated into the mystery of cooking them. This thoroughly learned, he studies the way of cutting up raw meats, of preparing fish, and how to stuff, dress, truss and lard game and poultry.

When he has learned this he is placed before the range, where he receives instruction in the various processes of broiling, frying, roasting and baking. When he graduates from this department he passes under the control of the second cook, who reveals to him the mysteries of sauces and soups. The interest of this functionary in his pupil it is necessary to accelerate with liberal and frequent tips.

The student is then put in charge of the pastry cook, to whom he serves a long apprenticeship in all that pertains to the concoction of sweets, pastries and ices.

This completes his culinary education, and he is prepared to assume the role of a competent cook.

COLLECTOR—"Mr. Fewsnads told me yesterday to call to-morrow and he would settle this bill." Bridget—"Mr. Fewsnads is not in, sor, but if he promised to pay you to-morrer, what the divil are you comin' here to-day for? To-day isn't to-morrer by any manner or manes!"

If you go out early in the morning, you may catch rheumatism. Salvation Oil cures it.

MUSICAL GLASSES.—When a clean wet finger is passed round the brim of a goblet a pleading vibration is produced, and the sound is purer, more musical, than when the glass is struck. This fact has led to the construction of a cheap musical instrument, upon which those who have an ear for music may easily play simple airs, and thus amuse themselves and their friends. Any air can be played in the compass of an octave; thus, eight goblets will make a set, or, better still, twelve will extend to an octave and a half. The best form of goblet is the bell shape, uncut, and having a foot. The goblets must vary in size; the large ones forming the bass notes, the smaller the treble. If the tones of the glasses are required to be very correct, they must be selected and compared with the notes of musical strings, minute variations being readily corrected by placing more or less water in each goblet. Thus tuned, make a mark to where the water reaches, in order to save the trouble of future tuning. Now fix the glasses about an inch apart in an oblong tray, and they are complete to perform upon. Clean the hands from grease with soap and pumice-stone, so that the fingers may be more sensitive to touch. Wet them frequently, and draw them over the glasses according to the sound or musical note required, and by passing them rapidly from brim to brim harmony is readily produced. Though such instruments are now rarely seen, we may infer from what Goldsmith says in the Vicar of Wakefield, that they were in use a century ago. "They talk," says Goldsmith, "of nothing but high life and other fashionable topics, such as pictures, taste, Shakspeare, and the musical glasses." Though the whole is but a trite affair, it will amuse those who look for simple entertainment.

CATCHING A THIEF.—Saindo, one of the cleverest of the Paris detectives, was one day making his round of the Quartier du Temple, when he found himself in a group listening to a man selling silver watches for five francs each. Saindo bought one, and, having assured himself that it was genuine, came to the not unnatural conclusion that these watches could not have been come by honestly.

The vendor was, however, a giant, and Saindo is by no means blessed with large proportions. He furthermore argued that there were confederates among the group. In a minute or two he had formed a plan. He asked the man to take a glass of wine, saying that he meant to purchase another watch.

The offer was accepted, and a second watch was tendered, which Saindo pretended to examine. He, however, suddenly took to his heels, watch in hand. Thereupon the vendor pursued, crying, "Stop thief!"

When Saindo got him as far as the police-station, he turned round, clutched the other by the throat, and, to the great astonishment of everyone, led his captive inside.

TO PLAY MUSIC WITHOUT STUDY!

THIS CAN BE DONE BY MEANS OF THE

INSTANTANEOUS GUIDE TO THE PIANO OR ORGAN

Anyone knowing a tune, either "in the head," as it is called, or able to hum, whistle or sing, can play it WITHOUT ANY PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OF MUSIC OR THE INSTRUMENTS. In fact it may be the first time they have ever seen a piano or organ, yet if they know so much as to whistle or hum a tune—say "Way Down on the Swanee River," for instance—they can play it IMMEDIATELY correctly and with good effect, on the piano or organ, with the assistance of this GUIDE. THE GUIDE shows how the tunes are to be played with both hands and in different keys.

It must be understood that the Guide will not make an accomplished musician without study. It will do nothing of the kind. What it can do, do well and WITHOUT FAIL is to enable anyone understanding the nature of a tune or air in music to play such tunes or airs, without ever having opened a music book.

By giving the student the power to play IMMEDIATELY twelve tunes of different character—this number of pieces being sent with each Guide—the ear grows accustomed to the sounds, and the fingers used to the position and touch of the keys. So, after a very little practice with the Guide, it will be easy to pick out, almost with the skill and rapidity of the trained player, any air or tune that may be heard or known.

The Guide will be sent to any address, all postage paid, on receipt of FIFTY CENTS. Postage stamps, 2's, taken. For Ten Cents extra a music book containing the words and music for 100 popular songs, will be sent with The Guide. Address—

THE GUIDE MUSIC CO.,
726 Sansom St., Philadelphia, Pa.

NOT WHAT THEY WANTED.—A good story is being told of a preacher. One Sunday afternoon recently, a couple called at his house, and in broken English inquired, so the reverend gentleman understood, if the "preacher man" lived there. And on being invited in they commenced preparing their toilet.

Of course it was supposed they had come to be married, and every assistance was given by the preacher and his good wife in getting ready for the ceremony. The bridal veil and wreath were carefully adjusted by the lady, and the gentleman carefully combed his hair. Then their hands were joined and the solemn words spoken which binds men and women together in wedlock.

The ceremony over, it was naturally supposed the newly-married couple would be in haste to depart. But it was not so with them, and by their actions they betrayed that they expected something else before leaving.

Finally the reverend gentleman remarked—

"Well, now you are married!" and the answer came—

"Oh, yes, we been married last February, and now vant numzer bigture taken!"

A feather would have knocked down the preacher upon the revelation. It was the "picture man" they were looking for, and not the "preacher man."

However, there can now be no mistake about their being married, and that the knot is tied tightly.

STUFFER (at the end of the Simpkins ball): "Do you know, I can't find my overcoat anywhere." Simpkins: "have you looked in the refreshment room?" Stuffer: "Who, no. How could it be in there?" Simpkins: "You haven't been anywhere else during the evening, have you?"

WORK FOR ALL. $75 a month salary and expenses paid. If you want employment write at once to P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Maine.

AGENTS $10 a day at home selling LIGHTNING PLATERS and plating Jewelry, Watches, Tableware, Bicycles, etc. Plates finest jewelry good as new, and on all kinds of metal with gold, silver or nickel. No experience. Anyone can plate the first effort. Goods need plating at every house. Outfits complete. Different sizes, all warranted. Wholesale to agents $5 up. Big profits, quick sales. Circulars free. H. F. Delno & Co. Dept. No. 6, Columbus, O.

AGENTS Wanted. Liberal Salary Paid. At home or to travel. Team furnished free. P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Me.

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Thousands Sold at $2.50.

NOW OFFERED FREE.

There has been but one book written since MARK TWAIN'S palmy days that has possessed his power to charm by wit, and fascinate by fidelity to nature.

SAMANTHA

THAT LITERARY SENSATION IS

SAMANTHA at SARATOGA.

BY JOSIAH ALLEN'S WIFE
(MARIETTA HOLLEY.)

The book was written under the inspiration of a summer season 'mid the world of fashion at Saratoga, the proudest pleasure resort of America, where Princes of the old world, with Congressmen, Presidents, Millionaires, Railroad Kings, and Princes of Commerce of our own great nation with their wives, their beautiful daughters, and all the gayest butterflies of fashion luxuriate in balmy breezes, display their personal charms, costly jewels, exquisite equipages, and revel in

ALL THE EXTREMES OF FASHIONABLE DISSIPATION.

"JOSIAH ALLEN'S WIFE," in a vein of strong common sense that is pure and innocent as the prattle of a child, keeps the reader constantly enjoying

An Ever Fresh Feast of Fun.

It takes off follies, flirtations, low-necked dressing, dudes, pug dogs, tobogganing, etc., in the author's inimitable and mirth-provoking style.

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With the view of protecting inventors from worthless or careless attorneys, and of seeing that inventions are well protected by valid patents, we have retained counsel expert in patent practice, and therefore are prepared to

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If you have an invention on hand send a sketch or photograph thereof, together with a brief description of the important features, and you will be at once advised as to the best course to pursue. Models are seldom necessary. If others are infringing on your rights, or if you are charged with infringement by others, submit the matter to us for a reliable OPINION before acting on the matter.

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☞ Cut this out and send it with your inquiry. ☜

Humorous.

INFLUENZIC LOVE.

"Biss Susad, I have kdowd you—
Kerchew!—excuse by cold—
Sub eighteed budths, ad therefore
I hope I wod't seem bold
Whed I this warb confessiod
So fradkly bake to you—
Oh, Susad, darlig Susad,
I—chew! kerchew! kerchew!"
—U. N. Nose.

Matter of moment—Time.

Lives a double life—The contortionist.

Spoken at sea—The captain's orders.

All work and no play—Learning the piano.

Doctor, at the night bell: "Well?" Caller: "No; sick."

The man who painted the "signs of the times" is in want of a job.

"How did you enjoy German opera?" "How? By stuffing my ears with cotton."

The saying that "there is more pleasure in giving than receiving," is supposed to apply chiefly to kicks, medicine and advice.

"It's a poor way to get people into the church to throw cold water on them," as the baby said to himself when he was christened.

She: "How was your speech at the club received the other night?" He: "When I sat down, they said it was the best thing I ever did!"

Hincks: "Did they lower a boat when he fell overboard?"

Francis: "No; they were too busy lowering the record."

Mr. Critic: "If that's a 'Hunting Scene' why don't the men have guns?"

Mr. Caustic: "Perhaps the artist painted them so naturally that they've gone off."

"Hello, Kiljordan! Been buying a new overcoat?" "No. Don't give it away, Shadbolt, but it's my old chinchilla. I paid a barber 50 cents to run his clippers over it."

The clergyman: "And why should little boys say their prayers every night?"

The good boy: "So's the Lord can have a chance to get what they want by morning."

Waiter, obsequiously: "Well, sir, how do you find the oysters, sir?"

Customer, struggling with a bowl of oyster soup: "Don's know. Haven't come across any yet."

In the neighborhood of the old Green Lanes a large crowd was the other day assembled to see a middle aged gentleman running his eye over a garden. It was a most exciting affair.

Preacher Sim Gooseberry: "De collection will now be took up. I jis want to express it upon you dat de wutahs ob salvation am free; but I am de hydrant, and you got to pay foh de hydrant!"

Wigwag: "Do you believe it is bad luck to open an umbrella in the house?"

Skinemall: "Well, I should say so! I opened one the other day and the owner happened to be there and recognized it."

"I swear by those tall elms in yonder park," he commenced, but she interrupted him. "Swear not by them!" she said imploringly. "Why not?" "Because those trees are slippery elms," she said simply.

"You bad boy, you have made a spot on the new sofa with your bread and butter!" said Mrs. Fizzletop to her son Johnny.

"Never mind, ma; you can sit on it when there is company in the parlor."

Mottoes are displayed in some New York city street cars. Passengers on a certain line in that city are cheered during the present hard times by placards reading: Be Not Discouraged! Do Your Best! Aim High! etc.

Waiter, looking in on a noisy card party in hotel bed-room: "I've been sent to ask you to make less noise, gentlemen. The gentleman in the next room says he can't read." Host of the party: "Tell him he ought to be ashamed of himself. Why, I could read when I was 5 years old."

A man was waiting his turn to be served in a Dublin fishmonger's while a little weasoned old gentleman priced every fish in the shop. "How much is this—and this—and this—and this?" he asked. At last the exasperated shopwoman exclaimed: "Ah, go and out of that wid yez! It isn't fish ye want, but information!"

Wife: "Hadn't you better stay home to-day, dear? You have such a cold."

Husband, thinking well of the idea: "I don't know. I guess—"

Wife: "You could clear the snow off the back stoop, make a path to the chicken-house, and go to the store and get—"

Husband: "I guess I will go to the city."

Scraggy Scragga: "Hello, Fatty! You look all kinder spruced up."

Fatty Loders: "Yes; gotter job ter coal yard."

Scraggy Scragga: "Heavens! Youse ain't working!"

Fatty Loders: "Not exactly. I sit on the waggin while the coal's gitten weighed."

THE LAZZARONE.—This is the philosophy which keeps the Italian "lazzarone" a "lazzarone" in spite of the loud teaching of the lusty nineteenth century. So he may eat once a day, he is content to lean or lie against a wall all through the hot hours, with the gay stream of Neapolitan life flowing past him. He can, if he will, easily earn in a few minutes enough money to pay for his meal. Then he is lord of his time, and he squanders it supremely. Besides, the instinct of imitation is strong within him. There are thousands of his kind in the city. He is one of a confraternity: merry, ragged, copper-colored vagabonds, whose chief vice is their enormous laziness. When night comes, and the last song in the wine-shops has been sung, he lies on the lee side of a wall, curls himself up like a dog, and sleeps soundly till the sun is on the point of rising and crimsoning the smoke of Vesuvius. Then, with a contented shake, he stands up and rejoices in the new day that has begun for him.

SNUBBED.—A celebrated man not long since received a well-merited snub. A listener in the course of a lecture happened to say that the aforesaid gentleman knew how to make a most excellent cup of coffee.

A country parson, who was very fond of coffee, wrote to him asking for a recipe. The gentleman thereupon sent it, but at the bottom of the letter was the following bit of extreme conceit:—

"I hope that this is a genuine request, and not a very under-handed mode of securing my autograph."

To this the parson replied—

"Accept my thanks for the recipe for making coffee. I wrote in good faith; and, in order to convince you of that fact, allow me to return what it is obvious you infinitely prize, but which is worthless to me—your autograph."

A FLORAL MYSTERY.—The Chinese, Japanese, and Siamese are peculiarly skilful at botanical feats. One of their wonderful achievements is known as the "changeable rose." This bloom is white in the shade, and red in the sunlight. After night or in a dark room the curiosity of the rose family is a pure, waxy white blossom. When transferred to the open air the transformation immediately steps in, the time of the entire change of the flower from white to the most sanguine of sanguine hues depending on the degree of sunlight and warmth. First the petals take on a kind of washed or faded blue colors, and rapidly change to a faint blush of pink. The pink gradually deepens in hue until you find that your lily-white rose of an hour before is as red as the reddest peony that ever bloomed.

THE HOTTEST SPOT ON EARTH.—The hottest region on the earth's surface is, from all accounts, to be found on the south-western coast of Persia, on the borders of the Persian Gulf. For forty consecutive days in the months of July and August the mercury has been known to stand above one hundred degrees in the shade night and day, and to run up as high as one hundred and thirty degrees in the middle of the afternoon. In Bahrein Island, which is situated in the centre of the most torrid part of this most torrid belt, as though it were Nature's intention to make the place as unbearable as possible, water is something unknown. Great shafts have been sunk to a depth of five hundred feet in the endeavor to find wells, but always with the same result—no water.

"BREAKING IN" BOOTS.—There is a lady who earns her living by "breaking in" boots for stylish patrons. She wears them a few days, until they become easy to their owners. Half-a-crown a pair is the charge. In three days they are usually "broken in," and she only wears a pair two hours of each day. Sometimes she wears six different pairs in one day.

VIRGINIA BEACH,
Via Washington and Norfolk.

One of the most pleasant and destined to be the popular route from the East to Virginia Beach is via the famous Royal Blue Line and steamers of the Norfolk & Washington Steamboat Co.

Passengers taking the Royal Blue 5-hour flyer leaving New York daily 11.30 A. M., and Philadelphia 1.35 P. M., make direct through connections, arriving at Virginia Beach 10.00 o'clock the following morning. A break in the journey of 2½ hours at Washington will prove a relief, and not the least attractive part of the trip as the Capitol is within a stone's throw of the B. & O. station, and is always an interesting object, if only to look at its architectural beauties.

The steamers of the Norfolk & Washington Steamboat Co. are new, fitted up in the latest style, and are models of the modern shipbuilder's art.

Pullman dining and parlor cars are attached to the Royal Blue express. Excellent meals are also served on the steamers.

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Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

FOR WIGS, INCHES.	TOUPEES AND SCALPS, INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.	No. 1. From forehead back as far as bald.
No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck.	No. 2. Over forehead as far as required.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.	No. 3. Over the crown of the head.
No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.	

They have always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Dollard's Herbanium Extract for the Hair.

This preparation has been manufactured and sold at Dollard's for the past fifty years, and its merits are such that, while it has never yet been advertised, the demand for it keeps steadily increasing.

Also DOLLARD'S REGENERATIVE CREAM to be used in conjunction with the Herbanium when the Hair is naturally dry and needs an oil.

Mrs. Edmondson Gorter writes to Messrs. Dollard & Co., to send her a bottle of their Herbanium Extract for the Hair. Mrs. Gorter has tried in vain to obtain anything equal to it as a dressing for the hair in England.

MRS. EDMONDSON GORTER.
Oak Lodge Thorpe,
Nov., 28, '90. Norwich, Norfolk, England.

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I have used "Dollard's Herbanium Extract, of Vegetable Hair Wash." regularly for upwards of five years with great advantage. My hair, from rapidly thinning, was early restored, and has been kept by it in its wonted thickness and strength. It is the best wash I have ever used.

A. W. RUSSELL, U. S. N.

TO MRS. RICHARD DOLLARD, 1223 Chestnut St., Phila.

I have frequently, during a number of years, used the "Dollard's Herbanium Extract," and I do not know of any which equals it as a pleasant, refreshing and healthful cleanser of the hair.

Very respectfully,
LEONARD MYERS.
Ex-Member of Congress, 8th District.

Prepared only and for sale, wholesale and retail, and applied professionally by

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1223 CHESTNUT STREET.

GENTLEMEN'S HAIR CUTTING AND SHAVING.
LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S HAIR CUTTING.
None but Practical Male and Female Artists Employed.

DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM, OR MAGICAL BEAUTIFIER.

PURIFIES AS WELL AS Beautifies the Skin. No other cosmetic will do it.

Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth Patches, Rash, and Skin diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. It has stood the test of 40 years, and is so harmless we taste it to be sure it is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. Dr. L. A. Sayer said to a lady of the haut-ton (a patient): "As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the least harmful of all the Skin preparations." For sale by all Druggists and Fancy-Goods Dealers in the U. S., Canadas, and Europe. FERD. T. HOPKINS, Prop'r, 37 Great Jones St., N. Y.

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PATENTS Thomas P. Simpson, Washington, D. C. No attorney's fee until patent obtained. Write for Inventor's Guide.

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Williamsport Night Exp. (Sleeper).	daily 11.30 P. M.	

FOR NEW YORK.

4.10, 7.30 (two-hour train), 8.30, 9.45, 11.31 a m, (12.57, p m from 24th and Chestnut streets—Dining car), 1.30, 3.30, 5.15, (6.12 from 24th and Chestnut) 8.35, (dining car), p m, 12.10 night. Sundays—4.10, 8.00, 9.45, 11.31 a m, 3.30 p m, (6.12 from 24th and Chestnut,) 8.35 (dining car) p m, 12.10 night.

Leave New York, foot of Liberty street, 4.30, 5.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.30 a m, 1.30, 3.00, 4.00, 5.00, 6.00, 7.00, 8.45 p m, 12.15 night. Sundays, 8.30, 9.00, 11.30, a m, 1.30, 5.00, 7.30 p m, 12.15 night.

Parlor cars on all day express trains and sleeping cars on night trains to and from New York.

FOR BETHLEHEM, EASTON AND POINTS IN LEHIGH AND WYOMING VALLEYS, 6.05, 8.00, 9.00 a m, 2.00, 4.30, 5.20, 6.45, 9.45 p m. Sundays—8.27, 8.45, 9.00 a m, 4.15, 6.45, 9.45 p m.

FOR SCHUYLKILL VALLEY POINTS.

For Phœnixville and Pottstown—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 12.45, 4.00, 5.00, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.12, 7.40, 11.05 a m, 1.40, 4.32, 5.22 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 8.15, 11.42 a m, 5.30 p m.

For Reading—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 12.45, 4.00, 5.00, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.12, 7.40, a m, 1.40, 4.32, 5.22 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 8.15 a m, 5.30 p m.

For Lebanon and Harrisburg—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00, 6.00 p m. Accom., 4.12 a m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, a m.

For Potteville—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00, 6.00, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.12, 7.40 a m, 1.40 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 5.30 p m.

For Shamokin—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00, 6.00, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.12 a m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m.

For Williamsport—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.12 a m. Sunday—Express, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m.

FOR ATLANTIC CITY.

Leave Chestnut Street and South Street Wharves: Week-days—Express 9.00 a m, (Saturday only 2.00) 4.00, 5.00 p m. Accom., 8.00 a m, 5.45 p m. Sundays—Express, 9.00, 10.00 a m. Accom., 8.00 a m, 4.30 p m. Parlor Cars on all express trains.

Brigantine, week-days, 8.00 a m, 5.00 p m.

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